


COnsentos:
 (Din Qpera:
Atm-curg-zebe: a ourgedy.
1648.

All forcave: an He woits well sast a Nenser. Toys.
Acaijulu: a Syageoy.
Moiluss nud Pig fida, ar Ivite formed toe late. R Mingedy.

Nre afonirsti aryar; on the sornbe Discuary. 16si.

## SPANISH

## FR <br> 

OR,

## Che Fouble filtouery.

Acted at the

# Dukes Theatre. 

Ut melius pofis fallere, fume togam.—Ma.
Luft, \&ס in folido rurfus fortuna locavit. Vir.

Written by fobn Dryden, Servant to His MAJESTY.

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\supset L O N D O N \text {, }
$$

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(2)

## TO

## The Right Honourable

## J

 O
## LORD HAUGHTON.

## MY LORD, <br> W

 HE N I frit defign'd this Play I found or thought I found Somewhat fo moving in the Serious part of it, and so pleasant in the Comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly I us'd the beft of my endeavour, in the management of two Plots, So very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Tallent of every Writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other Played of the Same nature, in my opinion, with the Same Judgment; though with like fucceß. And though many Poets may Suspect themselves for the fondue $\beta$ and partiality of Parents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this Rule, because I know my Self too well to be ever Satisfied with my own Conceptions, which have Seldom reach'd to thole Idea's that I had within me: and con sequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or le $\beta$ pardonably, as an ordinary Markef-man may know certainly when be foots le $\beta$ wide at what he aymes. Beffides, the Care and Pains I have beftowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies may reasonably make the World conclude, that either I can doe nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amis. Few good Pictures have been finiff'd at one fitting; neither can a true just Play, which is to bear the Tefl of Ages, be produc'd at a heat, or by the force of fancie, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have bath so just a Diffidence of ny y Self, and Jo great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture no-
## The Epiftle Dedicatory.

thing without a Atrict Examination; and am as much afbam'd to put a loofe indigefted Play upon the Publick, as I hould be to offer braß money in a Payment: For though it fhou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage, ) yet it will be found in the fecond telling: And a judicious Reader will dijcover in bus Cloflet that trafby Auffe, whole glittering deceiv'd him in the action. I bave often heard the Stationer-gghing in his Jhop, and wifhing for thofe hands to take off his melancholy bargain which ilapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-bouje every thing contributes to impofe upon the Fudgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Aition, which is commonly the beft where there is the moft need of it, furprize the Audience, and caft a mift upon their Underftandings; not unlike the cunning of a Fug. gler, who is always Ataring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberifh, onely that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of bis Trick. But theje falle Beauties of the Stage are no more lafting than a Rainbow; when the Actor ceafes to Jhine upon them, when be guilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanifb in a twinkling. I. have fometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of thofe glaring Colours which amaz'd me in Bufly Damboys upon the Theatre: but when I bad taken up what I fuppos'd, a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Felly: nothing but a cold dull ma/s', which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting: A dwarfifb thought dres'd up in gigantick words, repetition in aboundance, loofene $\beta$ of expreflion, and grofs Hyperboles; the Senfe of one line expanded prodigioufly into ten: and , to fum up all, uncorrect Englifh, and a bideous mingle of falle Poetry and true Nonfenfe; or, at beft, a fantling of wit which lay gajping for life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbijh. A famous modern Poet us'd to facrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a D'amboys annually to the memory of Johnfon. But now, My Lord, I am fenfible, perbaps too lute, that I have gone too far: for I remember fome Verfes of my own Maximin and Almanzor which cry, Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which Iwi/h heartily in the fame fire with Statius and Chapman: All I can fay for thofe palfages, which are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bud enough to pleafe, even when I writ them: But I repent of them among ft my Sins: and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my prefent Writings, I draw a ftrake over all thofe Dalilahs of

## The Epirtle Dedicatory.

the Theatre; and am refolv'd I will fettle my felf no reputation by the applauje of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortiffed to all ambition, but I foorn as much to take it from balf-witted Fudges, as I fiou'd to raife an Eftate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I difcommend the lofty Jtyle in Tragedy which is naturally pompous and magnifficent: but nothing is truly fublime that is not juft and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the fame meafures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded Statius to bave written bigher than Virgil : for,

Qux fuperimpofito moles geminata Coloffo, carries a more tbundring kind of found than,

Tityre tu patulx recubans fub tegmine fagi :
Yet Virgil had all the Majefty of a lawfull Prince; and Statius onely the bluftring of a Tyrant. But when men affect a Vertue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the neareft refemblance to it. Thous an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftiness runs eafily into the Jwelling puffie Jtyle, becaufe it looks like Greatne $\beta$. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought inimitable Spencer a mean Poet in comparifon of Sylvefter's Dubartas : and was rapt into an ecftafie when I read thefe lines:

> Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
> To Chryftallize the Baltick Ocean;
> To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
> And periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods
$I$ am much deceivid if this be not abominable fuftian, that is, thoughts and words ill forted, and without the leaft relation to each other: yet I dare not anfiwer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage: So little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but Madnefs can pleafe Mad-men, and a Poit mujt be of a piece with the Spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room, contriv'd for State, the height of the roof flou'd bear a proportion to the Area; $\int 0$, in the Heightnings of Poetry, the firength and vehemence of Figures hooid be fuited to the Occalion, the Subject, and the Perfons. All beyond this is monftrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excrefcence, and not a living part of Poetry. I bad not Said thus much, if fome young Gallants, who pretend to Criticijm, bad not told me that this Tra-gi-comedy wanted the dignity of flyle: but as a man uho is charg'd with a Crime of which be thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, So perhaps I. have vindicated my Plax

## The Epifle Dedicatory.

with more partiality than I ought, or than fuch a trifle can deferve. Tet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at leaft from the grofness of thofe faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in reference to my Profit, and the fatisfaction I had in Jeeing it reprefented with all the juftnefs and gracefulnefs of Action. But as 'tis my Intereft to pleafe my Audience, $\sqrt{ } 0$ 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am fure is the more lafting and the nobler Defign: for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the bidden beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of ACtion: All things are there beheld, as in a bafty motion, where the objects onely glide before the Eye and difappear. The moft difcerning Critick can judge no more of thefe filent graces in the Attion, than be who rides Poft through an unknown Countrey can diftinguifh the fcituation of places, and the nature of the foyle. The purity of phrafe, the clearnefs of conception and expreflion, the boldnefs maintaind to Majefty, the fignificancie and Sound of words, not Jrain'd into bombaft, but juflly elevated, in fhort, thofe very words and thoughts which cannot be chang'd but for the worfe, muft of neceffity efcape our tranfient view upon the Theatre: and yet without all thefe a Play may take. For if either the Story move us, or the Actor belp the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or paffion ftrike through the obfcurity of the Poem, any of thefe are Jufficient to effect a prefent liking, but not to fix a lafting admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the fureft Fudge of Iruth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchfone will not dijcover; neither indeed is it pofible to aroid them in a Play of this nature. There are evidently two Altions in it: But it will be clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: for this time I Satisfied my own bumour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a rule for the pleafure of variety. The truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continud melancholy Scenes: and Idare venture to prophefie, that few Tragedies except thofe in Verfe Joall fucceed in this Age, if they are not lightend with a.courfe of mirth. For the Feaft is too dull and folemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will Soon be try'd: for a Several Genius is requir'd to either way; and without bot h of 'em, a man, in my opinion, is but balf a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it fo trivial an undertaking, to make a Tragedy end bappily ; for'tis more difficult to Jave

## The Epiftle Dedicatory.

than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of PoiJon are alwaies in a readinefs; but to bring the Action to the laft extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the Art and Fudg. ment of a Writer; and coft him many a pang in the performance.

And now, My Lord, I muft confeß that what I have written looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my defign, that I might entertain you with Somewhat in my own Art which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the ftale exploded Trick of fulfome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write juftly on any thing, but almoft impofible in Praife. I fhall therefore wave So nice a Jubject; and onely tell you, that in recommending a Proteftant Play to a Proteftant Patron, as I doe my Self an Honour, fo I do your Noble Family a right, who have been alwaies eminent in the fupport and favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the promijes of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceive me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are fuch as will no way degenerate from your Anceftors, but refrefh their'memory in the minds of all true Englifh-men, and renew their luftre in your Perfon; which, My Lord, is not more the wifh than it is the conftant expectaton of your Lordfhip's

## Moft obedient,

## faithfull Servant,

Gobn Dryden.

## PROIOGUE.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind bearty Pit; For he whopleafes, never failes of Wit:
Honour is yours:
And you, like Kings, at City Treats beftow it;
The Writer kneels, and is bid rife a Poet:
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,
Tou dubb to day", and bawg "a man to morrow;
Tou cry the fame Senfe up, and down again,
Fuft like brafs mony once a year in Spain:
Take you ith mood, what e'er bafe metal come,
You coin as faft as Groats at Bromingam :
Though 'tis no more like Senfe in ancient Plays,
Than Rome's Religion like St. Peter's days.
In Ghort, so fivift your Fudgments turn and wind,
Tou caft our fleeteft Wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your fudgments but in Plays did range,
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change
With fuch a Whirl, the Poets of your age
Are tyr'd, and cannot foore 'em on the Stage;
Unlefs each Vice in Jhort-hand they indite,
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders no Vices know
But what they us'd a bundred years ago, Like honeft Plants, where they were ftuck, they grow ;
They cheat, but fill from cheating Sires they come;
They drink, but they were chrift'ned firft in Mum.
Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip firf taught Philip how to fleep.
The French and we Jtill change, but here's the Curfe,
They change for better, and we change for worle;
They take up our old trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and fing:
Our Fathers did for change to France repair, And they for change will try our Englifh Air. As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Strait a more foolifh Gugaw comes in play:
So we, grown penitent, on Serious thinking, Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.

## The Prologue.

Scowring the Watch grows out of fafhion wit Now we fet up for Tilting in the Pit, Where'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted, To fright the Ladies firft, and then be parted. A fair Attempt bas twice or thrice been made, To bire Night-murth'rers, and make Death a Trade. When Murther's.out, what Vice can we advance? Unlefs the new found Poisning Trick of France: And when their Art of Rats-bane we have got, By way of thanks, we'll Send'em o'er our Plot.

## Dramatis Perfonæ.

Leonora, Queen of Arragon, Mrs. Barry. Terefa, Woman to Leoilora, Mrs. Crofts. Elvira, Wife to Gomez, T(rrifinond,
Bertran,
Alpbonfo,
Loreño, his Son, Raymoild,
Pedro,
Gomez,
Dominic, the Spanifh Fryar, Mr. Lee.

Mrs. Betterion.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Williams.
Mr. Wilibeir.
Mr. Smitb.
Mr. Gillow.
Mr. Underbill.
Mr. Nokes.

## (i)

# THE SPANISH FRYAR: OR, THE <br> <br> Double Difcovery. 

 <br> <br> Double Difcovery.}

## AC TI.

## Alphonfo, Pedro meet, with Souldiers on each hide, Drums, \&c.

 Tans: give the Word.Pedro, The Queen of Arragon.
Alph. Pedro? - how goes the night?
Pedr. She wears apace.
Alph. Then welcom day-light: We fall have warm work on't:
The Moore will'gage
His utmost Forces on this next Affault,
To win Queen and Kingdom.
Pedro, Pox o' this Lyon-way of wooing though:
Is the Queen firing yet?
Alph. She has not been abed: but in her Chapel All night devoutly watch'd: and brib'd the Saints With Vows for her Deliverance.

Pedro, O, Alphonso,

I fean they come too late! her Father's crimes
Sit heavy on her; and weigh down her prayers:
A Crown ufurp'd ; a lawfull King deposid;
In bondage held; debarr${ }^{\prime}$ d the common light;
His Children murther'd, and his Friends deftroy'd:
What can we lefs expect then what we feel,
And what we fear will follow?
Alph. Heav'n avert it!
Pedro, Then Heav'n muft not be Heav'n: Judge the event
By what has pafs'd: Th' Ufurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:
Unriddle that ye Pow'rs: But left his Daughter,
Our prefent Queen, ingag'd, upon lis death-bed,
To marry with young Bertran, whofe curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal War arofe;
Becaufe the Moore, Abdalla, with whofe Troops
Th' Ufurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd;
And, as an Infidel, his Love defpis'd.
Alph. Well; we are Souldiers, Pedro: and, like Lawyers;
Plead for our Pay.
Pedro, A good Caufe wou'd doe well though:
It gives my Siword an Edge : You fee this Bertran
Has now three times been beaten by the Moores:
What hope we, have, is in young Torrifmond,
Your brother's Son.
Alph. He's a fuccefffull Warriour,
And has the Souldiers hearts: Upon the skirts
Of Arragon, our fquander'd Troops he rallies:
Our Watchmen, from the Tow'rs; with longing Eyes
Exped his fwift Arrival.
Pedro, It mult be fwift, or it will come too late.
Alph. No more: - Duke Bertran.
[ Enter Bertran, attended.
Bertr. Relieve the Cent'rys that have watch'd all night.
To Ped. Now, Collonel, have you difposd your men,
That you ftand idle here?
Pedro, Mine are drawn off,
To take a fhort repofe.
Bertr. Short let it be:

## The Double Discovery.

For; from the Moorifb Camp, this hour and more, There has been heard a distant humming noife, Like Bees difturb'd, and arming in their hives. What Courage in our Souldiers? Speak! What hope?

Pedro, As much as when Physicians flake their heads, And bid their dying -Patient think of Heav'n. Our Walls are thinly manned: our beft Men lain: The reft, an heartless number, fpent with Watching, And harafs'd out with Duty.

Bertran, Goodnight all then.
Pedro, Nay, for my part, 'ti but a ingle life I have to lofe: I'll plant my, Colours down In the mid-breach, and by'em fix my foot: Say a hort Souldier's Pray'r, to ' $p$ pare the trouble Of my few Friends above : and then expect The next fair Bullet.

Alph. Never, was known a night of fuch diffraction:
Noife fo confused and dreadfull: Jutting Crowds, That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding, Like Meteors, by each other in the frets.

Pedro, I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar; With a Paunch fwoln fo high, his double Chin Might reft upon't: A true Son of the Church; Frelh colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade, Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Quire, And fumbling over his Beads, in fuch an Agony, He told 'em tale for fear: About his Neck There hung a Wench; the Labell of his Function; Whom he hook off, ifaith, methought, unkindly, It feems the holy Stallion durft not fore
Another Sin before he left the world.
Enter a Captain.
Capt. To Arms, My Lord, to Arms.
From the Moors Camp the noife grows louder fill:
Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums, and Ataballes;
And fometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,
Like Victory : Then Groans again, and'Howlings, :
Like thole of vanquifid men : But every Echo
Goes fainter off; and dyes in diftant Sounds.
Bertram, Some falfe Attaque: expect on tother fides :

## The Spanifb. Fryar; or,

One to the Gunners on St. Iago's Tow'r; Bid 'em, for flame,
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul,
They 're all corrupted with the Gold of Barbary
To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.
[ Enter Second Captain.
2. Capt. My Lord, heres frefh Intelligence arrived:

Our Army, led by Valiant Torrijmond, Is now in hot Engagement with the Moors ;
"Pis fad, within their Trenches.
Bert. I think all Fortune is referv'd for him.
He might have rent us word though;
And then we could have favour'd his Attempt
With Sallies from the Town.
Alph. It cou'd not be:
We were fo clofe block'd up that none could peeps
Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'is time :-
Bertr. No, 'ts too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of Death, let no man dare to filly.
Pedr. (afire) Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within him!
How now ! What means this. Show?
Alpha.' 'This a Proceffion:
The Queen is going to the great Cathedral To pray for our Success againft the Moore.

Pedro, Very good: She ufurps the Throne; keeps the old King in Prifon; and, at the fame time, is praying for a Bleffing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

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\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { A Proceflion of Priests and Chorifters in } \\
\text { white, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen } \\
\text { and Ladies, goes over the Stage : the } \\
\text { choristers Sing sing. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

Look down, ye blefs'd above, look down, Behold our weeping Matron's Tears. Behold our tender Virgins Fears, And with Success our Armies crown.

Look down, ye blefs'd above, look down: Ob! Save us, Save us, and our State reflore; For Pitty, Bitty, Potty, we implore; For Putty, Ditty, Pity, we implore.

## The Double Difcovery.

Bertr. to Alph. A joyfull Cry : and fee your Son Lorenzo: Good news kind Heav'n!

Alph. to Lorenzo, O, welcome, welcome! Is the General fafe? How near our Army? When fhall we be fuccour'd?
Or, Are we fuccour'd? Are the Moores remov'd?
Anfwer thefe Queftions firft ; and then, a Thoufand more: Anfwer 'em all together.

Lorenzo, Yes, when I have a thoufand Tongues, I will: The General's well: His Army too is fafe As.Victory can make'em : The Moores King Is fafe enough, I warrant him, for one. At dawn of day our General cleft his Pate, Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A flight wound: Perhaps he may recover.

Alphonso, Thou reviv't me.
Pedro, By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Proceffion was made for it ; and yet it will go hard, but the Priefts will make a Miracle on't.

Lorenzo, Yes, Faith; we came like bold intruding Guefts; And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome: Their Scouts we killd; then found their Body fleeping: And as they lay confus'd, we fumbld o'er 'em; And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Leggs; Somewhat undecently: But when men want light They make but bungling work.

Bertr. I'll to the Queen, And bear the News.

Pedro, That's young Lorenzo's duty.
Bertr. I'll fpare his trouble.
This Torrifmond begins to grow too faft;
He muft be mine, or ruin'd. Afide.
Lorenzo, Pedro, a word: --(whijper.) [ Exit Bertran. Alph. How fwift he fhot away! I find it ftung him, In fpight of his diffembling.

To Lorenzo, How many of the Enemy are nain?

## 6 <br> The Spanib Fryar; or,

Lonenzo, Troth, Sir, we were in haft ; and cou'd not fay To fore the men we kill'd: But there they lye. Beft fend our Women out to take the tale; There's Circumcifion in abundance for'em.
[Turns to Pedroagaik.
Alph. How far did you purfue 'em?
Lorenzo, Some few miles.
To Pedro, Good fore of Harlots, fay you, and dog-cheap? Pedro, They munt be had; and fpeedily: I've kept a tedious Faft. (Wihipper again.)

Alph. When will he make his Entry? He deferves
Such Triumphs as were giv'n by Ancient Rome: Ha, Boy, What faief thou?

Lorenzo, As you fay, Sir, That Rome was very, ancient-
To Pedro, I leave the choice to you; Fair, Black, Tall, Low:
Let her but have a Nofe: $\quad$ and you may tell her
I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls
Pluck'd from Moores ears.
Alph. Lorenzo?
Lorenzo, Somewhat bufie
About Affairs relating to the publick
-1 feafonable Ginl, juft in the nick now: [to Pedro. Trumpets within.
Pedro, I hear the General's Trumpets: Stand, and mark How he will be receiv'd ; I fear, but coldly: There hung a Cloud, methought, on Bertran's brow.

Lorenzo, Then look to fee a Storm on Torrif mond's: Looks fright not men : The General has feen Moores; With as bad Faces; no difpraife to Bertran's.

Pedro, 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp, he loves the Queen. Lorenzo, He drinks her Healch devouitly.) Alph. That may breed bad bloud 'twixt him and Bertram.
Pedro', Yes, in private:
But Bertran has been taught the Arts of Court, To guild a Face with Smiles; and leer a man to ruin. $O$ here they come.

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\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { Enter Torrifmond and oficers on one fide: } \\
\text { Bertxan attended on the otber theyem. } \\
\text { brace; Bertran:bowing gow. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

Juft as I prophefy'd.

## Tbe Double Difcovery.

Lorenzo, Death and Hell, he laughs at him:---in's Facetoo.
Pedro, O, you miftake him: 'Twas an humble Grin;
The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.
Lorenzo, (Afide) Here are nothing but Lyes to be expected: I'll e'en go lofe my felf in fome blind Alley; and try if any courteous Damfel will think me worth the finding. [Exit Lorenzo.

Alph. Now hebegins to open.
Bertran, Your Country refcu'd, and your Qineen reliev'd! :
A glorious Conqueft; Noble Torri/mond!
The People rend the Skyes with loud Applaufe;
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours.
The thronging Crowds prefs on you as you pafs;
And, with their eager Joy, make Triumph flow.
Forr. My Lord, I have no tafte
Of popular Applaufe; the noifie Praife
Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and fill without a caufe:
Servants to Chance; and blowing in the tyde
Of fwoln Succels; but, veering with its ebbe,
It leaves the channel dry.
Bertran, So young a Stoick!
Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll fell one drop.
Within thefe Veins for Pageants: But let Honour
Gall for my Bloud; aṇd fluce it into ftreams;
Turn Fortune loofe again to my purfuit;
And let me hunt her through embattell'd Foes;
In dufty Plains, amidft the Cannons roar,
There will I be the firft.
Bert. I'll try him farther - (afide.)
Suppofe th' affembled States of Arragon.
Decree a-Statue to you thus infcrib'd,
To Torrifmond, who freed his native Land.
Alph. to Pedro, Mark how he founds and fathoms him, to find
The flallows of his Soul!
Bertr. The juft Applaufe
Of God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Vertue,
Which makes it pafs unqueftion'd through the World:
Thefe Honours you deferve ; nor fhall my fuffrage
Be laft to fix 'cm on you': If refus'd,
You brand us all with black Ingratitude;

## 8 <br> The Spanijb Fryar ; or,

For times to come fhall fay, Our Spain, like Rome, Neglects her Champions, after Noble Acts, And lets their Laurels wither on their heads.

Torrifmond, A Statue, for a Battel blindly fought, Where Darknefs and Surprife made Conqueft cheap! Where Virtue borow'd but the Arms of Chance, And ftruck a random blow! 'Twas Fortune's work; And Fortune take the praife.

Bertr. Yet Happinefs
Is the firlt Fame: Vertue without Succefs
Is a fair Picture fhown by an ill light:
But lucky men are Favorites of Heaven:
And whom thould Kings etteem above Heaven's Darlings ?
The Praifes of a young and beauteous Queen
Shall crown your glorious Acts.
Pedro to Alplionfo, There fprung the Mine.
Torr. The Queen! That were a happinefs too great!
Nam'd you the Queen, My Lord ?
Bertr. Yes: You have feen her, and you muft confefs
A Praife, a Smile, a Look from her is worth
The fhouts of thoufand Amphitheaters:
She, fhe thall praife you; for I can oblige her:
To morrow will deliver all her Charms
Into my Arms; and make her mine for ever.
Why ftand you mute?
Torr. Alas! I cannot \{peak.
Bertr. Not fpeak,My Lord! How were your thoughts employ'd?
Torr. Nor can I think; or I am loft in thought.
Bertr. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?
Torr. Why, if it were,
Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climbe.
Bertr. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:
You ought not think of her.
Torr. So I fay too;
I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad:
But who can help his frenzy?
Bertr. Fond young Man!
The Wings of your Ambition muft be clipt:
Your fhamefacd Vertue fhunn'd the Peoples Praife,
And Senates Honours: But 'tis well we know

## The Double Difodery.

What price you hold your felf at: you have fought With fome Succefs, and that has feald your Pardoni.

Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience Heav'n!
Thrice vanquifh'd Bertran; if thou darft, look outUpon yon flaughter'd Hont, that Field of blouid:
There feal my Pardon, where thy Fame was loft.
Ped. He's ruin'd, paft redemption!
Alph. to Torr. Learn refpect
To the firft Prince o'th' bloud.-
Bert. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with Madmen.
Torr. I have done:
I know 'twas Madnefs to declare this Truth:
And yet'twere Bafenefs to deny my Love.
Tis true, my hopes are vanihhing as clouds;
Lighter then childrens bubbles blown by winds:
My merit's but the rafh refults of chance:
My birth unequal: all the ftars againft me:
Pow'r, promife, choice; the living and the dead :
Mankind my foes ; and onely love to friend:
But fuch a love; kept, at fuch awfull diftance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whifper there: Queens may be lov'd,
And fo may Gods; elfe, why are Altars rais'd ?
Why fhines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and clofe our eyes in darknefs.'
[Exit Torrifmond.
Bert. 'Tis well : the Goddefs fhall be told, the fhall,
Of her new Worfhipper. [Exit Bertran.
Pedro, So, here's fine work !
He has fupply'd his onely foe with arms
For his deffruction. Old Penelope's tale
Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by day
That he has done by night. -What, Planet-Atruck!
Lialphi I wifh I were; to be pant fenfe of this!
Ped. Wou'd I had but a Leafe of life fo long
As till my Flefh and Bloud rebellidt this way
Againft our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one hand, and a Sceptre in tother?

## The Spanifb Fryar; or,

A very pretty Moppet!
Alph. Then to declare his Madnefs to his Rival!
His Father abfent on an Embaffy:
Himfelf a Stranger almoft ; wholly friendlefs!
A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,
Is eafier to be ftopt, then is his Ruin.
Ped. 'Tis fruitlefs to complain: hate to the Court:
Improve your intereft there, for Pardon from the Queen.
Alpl. Weak remedies;
But all muft be attempted.
[Exit Alphonfo.
Enter Lorenzo.
Lor. Weli, I am the moft unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have fprung no Game. Our Women are worfe Infidels then the Moores: I told 'em I was one of their Knight-errants, that deliver'd them from ravilhment : and I think in my confcience that's their Quarrel to me.

Pedro, Is this a time for fooling? Your Coufin is run honourably mad in love with her Majefty: He is fplit upon a Rock; and you, who are in chafe of Harlots, are finking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family.
[Exit Pedro.
[Lorenzo Jolus.
Lor. My Coufin ruin'd, faies he! hum! not that I wifh my Kinfman's ruin; that were Unchriftian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir ; there's comfort for a Chriftian. Money I have, I thank the honelt Moores for't; but I want a Miftrefs. I am witling to be leud; but the Tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.
Elvira, Stranger! Cavalier -will you not hear me? you Moore-killer, you Matader.

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?
Elvira, Face about, Man; yout a Souldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I muft confefs, I did not expect to have been charg'd firf: I fee Souls will not be loft for want of diligence in this Devil's reign: -Afide
To her. Now; Madam Cynthia behind a colond; your will and pleafure with me?

Eluira, You have the appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deferving as you feem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold difcourfe with

## The Double Difcovery.

you at firft fight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology : and to lay the blame on Stars, or Deftiny; or what you pleafe, to excufe the Frailty of a Woman.

Lorenzo, O, I love an eafie Woman : there's fuch a doe to crack a thick fhelld Miftrefs: we break our Teeth; and find no Kiernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a Stranger ; and not to fuffer him to fall into ill hands at his firf arrival.

Elvira, You may have a better opinion of me then I deferve; you have not feen me yot; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lorenzo, Not abfolutely flain, I muft confefs; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me: Let me fee you, for the fafeguard of my Honour : 'tis but decent the Cannon fhould be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elvira, What a terribleSimilitude have you made, Colonel? to fhew that you are inclining to the Wars: I could anfwer you with another in my Profeffion: Suppofe you were in want of Money; wou'd you not be glad to take a Sum upon content in a feal'd bagg, without peeping? -but however; I will not ftand with you for a fample. [Lifts up ber Veil.

Lorenzo, What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you doe well to keep'em veil'd : they are too fharp to be trufted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elvira, Perhaps now you may accufe my forwardnefs; but this day of Jubilee is the onely time of freedom I have had: and there is nothing fo extravagant as a Prifoner, when he gets loole a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lorenzo, To confefs freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with lefs then your whole Sex before: but now I have feen you, I am in the direct road of languifhing and fighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to morrow morning you may hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like thefe Symptoms in my felf: perhaps I may go fhufflingly at firt ; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I thall drudge and moil at Conftancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elvira, Oh, Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildeft Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and

## 12 <br> The Spanifh Fryar; or,

feed 'em feldom: now I know your temper, you may thank your fell if you are kept to hard meat: -you are in for years if you make love to me.

Lorenzo, I hate formal obligation with an Anne Domini at end on't ; there may be an evil meaning in the word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elvira, I can early rid you of that Fear : I with I could rid my felt as early of the bondage.

Lorenzo, Then you are married?
Elvira, If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old man be a husband.

Ir. Three as good qualities for my purpofe as I could wilt: now love be prais'd. [Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elvira, (Afide.) If I get not home before my Husband, If tall be ruin'd.
I dare not fay to tell you.where farwell_cou'd I once more-..- [Exit Elvira.

Lorenzo, This is unconscionable dealing; to te made a Slave, and not know whole livery I wear: - Who have we yonder? (Enter Gomez,) By that shambling in his walk, it fhould be my rich old Banquer, Gomez, whom I knew at Barcelona: As I live 'tic he-

To Gomez, What, Old Mammon here ?
Goo. How! Young Beelzebub!
Lorenzo, What Devil has feet his Claws in thy Hanches, and brought thee hither to Saragoffa? Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Goo. I alwaies remove before the Enemy: When the Moores are ready to befiege one Town, I fhift quarters to the next : I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Loo. That's but a hair's breadth at fartheft.
Goo. Well, You have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it : there are Bonfires decreed: and the times had not been hard, my Billet fhould have burnt too.

Lor. I dare fay for thee, thou haft fuck a reflect for a dingle Billet, thou would'f almoft have thrown on thy felf to fave it: thou art for faving every thing but thy Soul.

Goo. Well, well, You'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own charges.

## The Donlle Diffovery.

Lor. No; lll keep thee from hanging thy felf for fuch an extravagance: and, inftead of it, thou fhalt doe me a meer verbal courtefie: I have juft now feen a moft incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you fee this moft incomparable yourg. Lady? my mind mifgives me plaguily.- (Afide.)

Lor. Here, man; juft before this Corner-houfe: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houfe.

Gom. (Afide.) Pray heaven he does not make it one:
Lor. What doft thou mutter to thy fell? Haft thou any thing to fay againft the Honefly of that houfe?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honet Stone, and the Timber very honeft Wood, for ought I know. But for the Woman, I cannot fay, till I know her better: defcribe her perfon; and, if the live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, darik colour'd Hair, the moft bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the moit roguih Caft; her Cheeks are dimpled when fhe finiles; and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. (Afide.) I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.-Go on - Colonel- have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou haft all her Marks; but that the has an Husband; a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: fpeak; cant thou tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes; this New', Colonel; that you have feen your laft of her.

Lor. If thou helpft me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcifed 7 crw.

Gom. Circuncife me no more then I circumcife you, Colonel Hernando : once more you have feen your laft of her.

Lor. (Afide.) I am glad he knows me ondy by that Name of Hernando, by which I went at Barcelona: now he can tell no. tales of me to my Father.

Tio lim. Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou couldf get by't: - Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour:
thou art not Proof againt Gold, fure! - do not I know thee for a covetous, -

Gomez, Jealous, old Huncks: thofe were the Marks of yoar Miftreffe's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh, the Devil! What a Rogue in underfanding was I, not to find him oit fooner! (Afide.)

The Spanib Fryar ; or,
Gom. Do,do, Look fillily, good Colonel: 'tis a decent Melancholy after an abfolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez; _uut,
Gom. But-no Pumping, My dear Colonel.
Lor. Hang Pumping ; I was thinking a little upon a point of Gratitude: we two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make fome Intereft: go to; thou wert born to Authority : I'll make thee Alcaide Mayor of Sarragoffa.

Gom. Satisfie your felf; you fhall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou haft the Face of a Magiftrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magiftrate's Head to my Magiftrate's Face ; I thank you Colonel.

Lor. Come; thou art fo fufpicious upon an idle Story-that Woman I faw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman; for t'other was a Lye; $\quad$ is nomore thy Wife: As I'll go home with thee, and fatisfie thee immediately, My dear Friend.

Gom. I fhall not put you to that trouble: no not fo much as a fingle Vifit : not fo much as an Embaffy by a civil, old Woman: nor a Serenade of I winckledum, Twinckledum, under my windows: Nay, I will advife you out of my tendernefs to your Perfon, that you walk not near yon Corner-houfe by night; for to my certain knowledg, there are Blunderbuffes planted in every loophole, that go off conftantly of their own accord, at the fqueaking of a Fiddle, and the thrumming of a Ghittar.

Lor. Art thoul fo obftinate? Then I denounce open War againft thee: I'll demolifh thy Citadel by force: or, at leaft, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee: my thoufand Red Locults that thall devour thee in Free-quarter. --Farwell wrought Night-cap.
[ Exit Lorenzo.
Gom. Farwell Buff! Free-quarter for a Regiment of Red coat Locufts? I hope to fee 'em all in the Red-fea firf! $\longrightarrow$ Butoh, this $\mathfrak{F e}$ abel of mine! I'll get a Phyfician that fhall prefcribe her an ounce of Camphire every morning for her Breakfaft, to abate Incontinency: fhe thall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confeffion; and for never going, fhe fhall be condiemn'd for a Heretick: the fhall have Stripes by Troy weight; and Suftenance by drachms and feruples: Nay, I'll have a Fa-

# The Double Difcovery. 

ning Almanack printed on purpofe for her ufe; in which, No Carnival nor Chriftmars thall appear; But Lents and Ember-weeks fhall fill the year.

[ Exit Gomez.

## A C T I.

## SCENE, The Queen's Anti-chamber.

WAlphonfo, Pedro.
Alph. Hen faw you my Lorenzo?
Ped. I had a glimple of him; but he fhot by me
Like a young Hound upon a burning fcent:
He's gon a Harlot-hunting.
Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught him better.
Ped. 'Tis that lias taught him this.
What learn our Youth abroad; but to refine
The homely Vices of their native Land ?
Give me an honet homefpun countrey Clown
Of our own growth; his dulnefs is but plain;
But their's embroider'd : they are fent out Fools,
And come back Fopps.
Alph. You know what reafons urg'd me;
But now I have accompliflid my Defigns,
I fhou'd be glad he knew'em: - his wild Riots
Diffurb my Soul ; but they wou'd fit more clofe,
Did not the threatn'd down fall of our houfe,
In Turrifmond, óerwhelm my private Ills.

$$
\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { Enter Bertran attended; and whijper. } \\
\text { ing with a Courtier, afide. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

Bertr. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;
If he prefume to own it, the's fo proud
He tempts his certain ruin.
Alph: to Ped. Mark how difdainfully he throws his Eyes on us.
Our old imprifon'd King wore no fuch Looks.
Ped. O, woid the General flake of his Dotage to th' ufurping Qren,

## 16 The Spanifh Fryar ; or,

And re-inthrone Good, Venerable Sancho,
Ill undertake, flooud Bertran found his Trumpets, And Torrijmond but whiftle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.
Alph. I told hin fo:
But had an Anfwer louder then a Storm.
Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-loyalty!
I hate to fee a brave bold Fellow fotted,
Made four and fenfles'; turn'd to Whey by Love :
A driveling Hero; fit for a Romance.
O , here he comes; what will their greeting be!

$$
\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { Enter Torrimmond attended. Ber- } \\
\text { tran and be meet and jufte. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

Bertr. Make way, My Lords, and let the Pageant pafs.
Torr. I make my way where e'er I fee my Foe:
But you, My Lord, are good at a Retreat:
I have no Moores behind me.
Bertr. Death and Hell!
Dare to 'fpeak thus when you come out again?
Torr. Dare to provoke me thus, infulting man?
Ter. My Lords, You are too loud fo near the Queen:
You, Torrifmond, have much offended her:
'Tis her Command you inftantly appear,
To anfwer your demeanour to the Prince.
$\{$ Exit Terefa; Bertran with his com-
pany follow ber.
Torr. O Pedro, O Alphonjo, pity me!
A Grove of Pikes
Whofe polifh'd Steel from far feverely flhines, Are not fo dreadfull as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your aid:
And, like a Lion prefs'd upon the Toyles,
Leap on your Hunters : Speak your Actions boldly;
There is a time when modeft Vertue is
Allow'd to praife it felf.
Ped. Heart, you were hot enough; too hot, but now ;
Your Fury then boild upward to a Fome:
But fince this Meffage came, you fink and fettle;
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

## The Double Difcovery.

Torr. Alas, thou know'f not what it is to love!
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent :- no I'm refolv'd,
Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll goe;
And, dying, blefs the hand that gave the blow.
[Exeunt.
The SCENE draws; and Shews the Queen fitting in Jtate, Bertran ftanding next ber: theia Terefa, छुc.

She rijes, and comes to the Front.
Qu. Leonora to Bert. I blame not you, My Lord, my Father's will, Your own Deferts, and all my People's Voice, Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r. But I wou'd learn the caufe, why Torrifmond, Within my Palace Walls, within my Hearing, Almoft within my Sight, affronts a Prince Who fhortly fhall command him.

Bertr. He thinks you owe him more then you can pay ; And looks, as he were Lord of humane kind.

> Enter Torrifmond, Alphonfo, Pedro. Torrifmond bows low: then looks carneftly on the Queen, and keeps at diftance.

Terefa, Madam, The General.-
Qu. Let me view him well.
My Father fent him early to the Frontiers;
I have not often feen him; if I did,
He pafs'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
But where's the Fiercenefs, the Difdainful Pride ;
The Haughty Port, the Fiery Arrogance? By all thefe Marks, this is not fure the man.

Bertr. Yet this is he who filld your Court with Tumult, Whofe Fierce Demeanour, and whofe Infolence The Patience of a God cou'd not fupport.

Ou. Name his Offence, My Lord, and he fhall have Immediate puniflıment.

Bertr. 'Tis of fo high a nature, fhou'd I fpeak it, That my Prefumption then wou'd equal his.

Qu. Some one among you fpeak.
Ped. (Afide.) Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, Torrifmond, By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Torr. (kneeling.) O feel not to convince me of a Crime Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think, That he, who thus commanded dares to fear, Unless commanded, wou'd have dy'd in filence. But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none; for I am all Defpair: Friends I have none; for Friendship follows Favour.
Defers I've none; for what I did, was Duty:
Oh, that it were ! that it were Duty all!
Qu. Why do you paufe? proceed.
Torr. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice, Who fees before his Eyes the Depth below, Stops fort, and looks about, for forme kind Shrub To break his dreadfull Fall -_fo I; But whither am I going? if to Death, He looks fo lovely feet in Beauties Pomp, He draws me to his Dart._I I dare no more.

Bertr. He's mad beyond the Cure of Hellebore. Whips, Darkness, Dungeons, for this Infolence.

Torr. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.-
Qu. You're both too bold. You,-Torrifmond, withdraw : Ill teach you all. what's owing to your Queen.
For you, My Lord,
The Prieft to morrow was to join our hands;
Til try if I can live a day without you.
So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.
Alph. Who knows which way the points ! Doubling and turning, like an hunted Hare. Find out the Meaning of her mind who can.

Pedr. Who ever found a Woman's! backward and forward, The whole Sex in every word. In my Confcience when the was getting; her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.
[Exeunt all, but the Queen and Terefa.
Queen, Haft, my Teresa, haft; and call him back.
Ierefá, Whom, Madam? (Queen,) Him. (Ter.) Prince Sertran? (Qu.) Torrifmond.
There is no other He.

## The Double $\triangle$ Discovery.

Ter. (Aside.) A riving Sun;
Or I am much deceiv'd.
[Exit Teresa.
Queen, A change fo fwift, what heart did ever feel!
It rufh'd upon me, like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my felf : in one flor hour
Already am I goo an -Age of Paffion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?
There might perhaps be found in other men.
'Twas that reflect; that awfull homage pay'd me;
That earful Love which trembled in his Eyes;
And, with a filent Earthquake, fhook his Soul.
But, when he fpoke, what tender words he fid!
So forty, that, like flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. -

## Enter Terefa, with Torrifmond.

Ter. He waits your pleafure.
Qu. 'This well ; retire- Oh Heaven's, that I mut freak So diftant from my heart- (afide.)

To Torr. How now! What Boldness brings you back again?
Torr. I heard' twas your Command.
Qu. A fond mistake,
To credit fo unlikely a Command.
And you return full of the fame Prefumption Taffront me with your Love?

Torr. If 'ts Presumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himself beneath his Judge's feet :
A Boldness, more then this, I never knew ;
Or, if I did, 'twas onely to your Foes.
Qu. You would insinuate your part Services;
And thofe, I grant, were great: but you confers
A Fault committed fince, that cancels all.
Torr. And who could dare to difavow his Crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and feiz'd,
He bears about him fill! my Eyes confers it.
My every action freaks my heart aloud.
But, oh, the Madnefs of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I defpair.

## The Spanifs Fryar; or,

Qu. Have you not heard,
My. Father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd My Crown and me to Bertran? And dare you,
A private man, prefume to love a Queen?
Torr. That, that's the Wound! I fee you fet fo high.
As no Defert, or Services, can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul, And crufted it with bafe Plebeian Clay!
Why gave you me Defires of fuch extent, And fuch a Span to grafp 'em? Sure my lot By fome o'er hafty Angel was mifplac'd In Fate's Eternal Volume!--But I rave, And, like a giddy Bird, in dead of night, Fly round the Fire that fcorches me to death.

Qu. Yet, Towifmond, you've not fo ill deferv'd,
But I may give you Counfel for your Cure.
Torr. I cannot, nay, I wifh not to be cur'd.
Ou. (afide.) Nor I, Heav'n knows!
Tiori: There is a Pleafure fure
In being Mad, which none but Madmen know !
Lér me indulge it : let ine gaze for ever!
And, fince you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.
Qu. Thefe are the words which I mutt onely hear
From Bertran's mouth; they fhou'd difpleafe from you;
If fay they thou'd: but women are fo vain,
To like the Love, though they defpife the Lover.
Yet, that I may not fend you from my fight
In abiolute defpair-I pity you.
Torr. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my Joy;
But when my Soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one Thought : let me remember Pity;
And fo deceiv'd, think all my life was ble.s'd.
Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms?
If that wou'd help, Icou'd gait in a Tear.
To your Misfortunes.
Torr. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my patt Sufierings,
And all my future too!
Qut. Were I no Queen

## The Double Difcovery.

Or you of Royal Bloud
Torr. What have I loft by my Fore-father's fault?
Why was not I the Twenty'th by defcent
From a long reftive race of droning Kings ?
Love! What a poor omnipotence haft thou
When Gold and Titles buy thee ?
Ou. (fighs.) Oh, my torture!
Torr. Might I prefume, but, oh, I dare not liope That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guefs; and not forbid you To make the beft conftruction for your love. Be fecret and difcreet; thefe Fayery favours Are loft when not conceald; - -provoke not Bertran.-Retire: I muft no more but this,--Hope, Torrifmond.-- EExit Queen.

Torr. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; fhe pities me! And pity ftill foreruns approching love; As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps Ye Angels to that found; and thou, my Heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care:
One word, and one kind Glance, can cure defpair.
[ Exit Torrifmond:

## SCENE, A Chamber. <br> A Table and Wine fet out.

## Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more then barely poffible: for Fryars have free admittance into every houfe. This Facobin, whom I have fent to, is her Confeffor; and who can fufpect a man of fuch Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for once : I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Money better then they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

## Enter Servant.

'Serv. There's a huge fat religious Gentleman coming up, Sir, he faies he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as rofie as a Turkay Cock; his great Belly walks in tate before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limp. ing after it: Never was fuch a Tun of Devotion feen.

## The Spanifb Fryar; or,

Lor. Bring him in, and vanifh.

## Enter Father Dominic.

Lor. Welcome, Father.
Dom. Peace be here : I thought I had been fent for to a dying man; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking fuch long journeys. Repofe your felf, I befeech you, Sir, if thofe fpindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I muft confees, with Fafting.
Lor. 'Tis a fign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jouls, Father. Come-- to our better Acquaintance: --here's a Sovereign Remedy for Old Age and Sorrow.
[Drinks.
Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll doe you reafon,
Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father ?
[Drinks.
Dom. Second thoughts, they fay, are beft: I'll confider of it once again.
[Drinks.
It has a moft delicious Flavour with it.
Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, Son, I am not us'd to be fo unmannerly.
[Drinks again.
Lor. No, I'll be fworn by what I fee of you, you are not:To the bottom. - I warrant him a true Church-man. - Now, Father, to our bufinefs, 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I intend to doe an act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable fubject.
Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great hazard of my Life, I recommended my perfon to good St. Dominic.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a fure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to ftrike up a bargain with him, that if I fcap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd prefent fome Brother of his Order with part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable ufes.

Dom. There you hit him : St. Dominic loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

Lor. The Spoils were mighty; and I fcorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make fhort my Story; I enquird among the facobins for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the Worthieft man: - here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purfe.

## The Double Difcovery.

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Confcience.

Lor. Here; take 'em Father.
Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lor. If you are modeft, I muft force you: for I am ftrongeft.
Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you fet your 1trength againft a decrepit, poor, old man?
[Takes the Purfe.
As I faid, 'tis too great a Bounty; but St. Dominic fhall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you pleafe, Father, we will not trouble him till the next Battle. But you may doe me a greater kindnefs, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I alwaies lov'd the Female Saints.

Lor. I mean a Female,-mortal,-married-woman-Saint: Look upon the Superfcription of this Note; you know Don Gomez his Wife.
[Gives him a Letter.
Dom. Who, Donna Elvira? I think I have fome reafon: I am her Ghoftly Father.

Lor. I have fome bufinefs of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper ; but her Husband is fo horribly given to be jealous.-

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very Quiinteffence of Jealoufie: he keeps no Male Creature in his houfe : and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.
Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in fpirifual Affairs. But he has his humours with me too: for t'o ther day, he callid me Falfe Apoftle.

Lor. Did he fo? that reflects upon you all : on my word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold: If you wou'd do a meritorious Action, you might revenge the Churche's Quarrrel.-My Letter, Father

Dom. Well, fo far as a Ietter, I will take upon me: for what can I refufe to a man fo charitably given ?

Lor. If you bring an Anfwer back, that Purfe in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he carl look: there are. Fifty Pieces lye dormant in it, for more Charities.

The Spanif Fryar ; or,
Dom. That muft not be: not a Farthing more upon my Priefthood. - But what may be the purport and meaning of this Letter; that I confefs a little troubles me.
-Lor. No harm, I warrant you.
Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word : my comfort is, I know not the Contents; and fo far I am blamelefs. But an Anfwer you fhall have: though not for the fake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have fworn not to take them: they thall not be altogether Fifty: - your Miftrefs,_forgive me that I thould call her your Miftrefs, I meant Elvira, lives but at next door, I'll vifit her immediately: but not a word more of the Nine and forty Pieces.

Lor Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. -Fifty Pounds for the poftage of a Letter! to fend by the Church is certainly the deareft road in Chriftendom.
[ Exeunt.

## SCENE, ACbamber. Gomez, Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I banifh Flefh and Wine: I'll have none ftirring within thefe walls thefe twelve months.

Elvira, I care not; the fooner I am flarv'd the fooner I am rid of Wedlock. I fhall learn the knack to faft a days; you have us'd me to fatting nights already.

Gom. How the Gipfey anfwers me! Oh, 'tis a molt notorious Hilding!

Elvira, (crying.) But was ever poor innocent Creature fo hardly dealt with, for a little harmlefs Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Lafcivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elvi. Was it fuch a Crime to enquire how the Battle pafs'd ?
Gom. But that was not the bufinefs, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battle paft; you were engaging for a Skirmilh that was to come.

Elvi. An honeft Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was fafe, and her Enemies were flain.

Gom. in ber tone. And to ask if he were wounded in your defence ; and, in cafe he were, to offer your felf to be his Chirurgeon : —...then, you did not defrribe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Huncks.

Elvi. No, I need not : he defcribes himfelf fufficiently : but, in what Dream did I doe this?

Gom. You walk'd in your Slecp, with your Eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the forefaid purpofe with one Colonel Hernando.

Elvi. Who, Dear Husband, who ?
Gom. What the Devil have I faid? You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elvi. No, but, my dear little old man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your fake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your felf: be confin'd, I fay, during our Royal Pleafure : But, firft, down on your marrow-boncs, upon you: Allegeance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction.
[Pulls her down.
Elvi. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submiffion: But I'll complain to my Ghofly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy : When you receive condign Punifhment, you run with open Mouth to your Confeffor; that parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he muft chucle you and moan you: but I'll rid my hands of his Ghoftly Au-
[Enter-Dominic.] thority one day, and make him know he's the Son of a _(Sees bim.) So; no fooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle.

Dom. Son of a what, Don Gomez?
Gom. Why, A Son of a Church, I hope there's no harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time fhall ferve: and to morrow I enjoyn you to Faft for Penance.

Gom. (Afde.) There's no harm in that ; fhe fhall faft too: Fafting faves Money.

Dom. to Elvira, What was the reafon that I found you upon your Knees, in that unfeemly pofture?

Gom. (Afide.) O horrible! to find a woman upon her Knees, he fays, is an unfeemly pofture ; there's a Prieft for you.

Elvi. to Dom. I wifh, Father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have fomewhat upon my Spirits that preffes me exceedingly.

Dom. (Afide.) This goes well: Gomez, ftand you at diftance, -_farther yet,_-1tand out of ear-fhot - I have fomewhat to fay to your Wife in private.

Gomez, (Afide.) Was ever man thus Prieft-ridden? wou'd

## 26 <br> Tbe Spanifb Fryar; or,

the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: Iam fure there's room for it.

Elvi. I am afham'd to acknowledg my Infirmities; but you have been alwaies an indulgent Father; and therefore I will ven. ture, to - and yet I dare not.

Dom. Nay, if you are bafhfull; --if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your Surgeon;

Elvi. You know my Husband is a man in years ; but he's my Husband; and therefore I thall te filent: but his Humours are more intolerable then his Age: he's grown fo froward, fo covetous, and fo jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durft confefs it, has forc'd me to caft my Affections on another man.

Dom. Good: - hold, hold; I meant abominable : pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [Afide.

Elvi. I have feen this man, Father; and have incourag'd his Addreffes: he's a young Gentleman, a Souldier, of a moft winning Carriage ; and what his Courthlip may produce at laft I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (afide.) 'Tis lie for certain: - fhe has fav'd the Credit of my Function, by fpeaking firft; now muft I take Gravity upon. me.
Gom. (afide.) This Whifpering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me fo plaguily under the lafh, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your matrimonial Vow?

Elvi. Yes, to my forrow Father, I do remember it : a miferable woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriagevow is butt a thing of courfe, which all women take when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very folemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it : _-but, notwithftanding, it may be broken, upon fome occafions. -Have you friven with all your might againft this frailty?

Elvi. Yes, I have ftriven; but I found it was againt the ftream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; ; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.
Dom. 'Tis your Duty to frive alwaies: but, notwitiffanding, when we have done our utmoft, it extenuates the Sin.

## The Donde Difcovery.

Gom. I can hold no longer. Now, Gentlewoman, yout are confeffing your Enormities; I know it by that hypocritical, down caft Look: enjoin her to fit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can doe no lefs in Confcience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? , will you force me to make ufe of my Authority? your Wife's a well difpos'd and a vertuous Lady; I fay it, In verbo Sacerdotis.

Elvi. I know not what to doe, Father; I find my felf in a moft defperate Condition; and fo is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, fay you! I wifh it be not the fame young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young man, I mult confefs, worthy of any Lady's love in Chriftendom; in a lawfull way I mean; of fuch a charming behaviour, fo bewitching to a Woman's eye; and furthermore, fo charitably given; by all good tokens; this muft be my Colonel Hernando.

Elvi. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for love of you: for he prefs'd a Letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confefs, I receiv'd it, left he fhould fend it by fome other ; but with full refolution never to put it into your hands.

Elvi. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I fhall dye.
Gom. (Whifpering fill.) A Pox of your clofe Committee! I'll liften I'm refolv'd: (fteales nearer.)

Dom. Nay, If you are obftinately bent to fee it, -ufe your difcretion; butfor my part, I wath my handson't. - what make you liftning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elvi. Fil kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Abfolution, if you'll but pleafe to ftand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then. I, have told you the ill Confequences; ©f liberavi animam meam. -Your Repuitation is in danger, to fay nothing of your Soul. Notwithftanding, when the Spiritual means have been apply'd, and fails: in that cafe, the Carnal may be us'd. You are a tender Child, you are ; and muft not be put into Defpair: your Heart is as foft and melting as your Hand.
$\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { He frokes her face; takes ber by the } \\ \text { band; and qives the Letter. }\end{array}\right.$

## The Spanib Fryar; or,

Gom. Hold, hold, Father; you goe beyond your Conmiffion: Palming is alwaies held foul play amongtt Gamefters.

Dom. Thus, good Intentions are mifconftrued by wicked men: you will never be warn'd till you are cxcommunicate.

Gom. (Afde.) Ah, Devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in Excommunication then the Churche's Cenfure, a Wife man wou'd lick his Confcience whole with a wet finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlaw'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elvira, (rifing,) I have read the Note, Father, and will fend him an Anfwer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I underftand it not, for my part ; but I wifh your Intentions be honeft. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a filent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin alfo. Neverthelefs, If you believe abfolutely he will dye, unlefs you pity him : to fave a man's Life is a point of Charity; and actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may fay, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farwell, Daughter. --Gomez, cherifh your vertuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction: (going.)

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, -that I may be fure you fteal nothing by the way. - Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. -Oh, 'tis a fudas If cariot.
[ Exit, after the Fryar.
Elvi. This Fryar is a comfortable man! He will underftand nothing of the Bufinefs; and yet does it all.

> Pray Wives and Virgins, at your time of need, For' a True Guide, of my Good Father's breed.

[Exit Elvira.

## The End of the Second Aat.

# The Double Difcovery. 

## A C.T III.

## SCEN E, The Street.

## Lorenzo, in Fryars habit, meeting Dominic.

${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{F}$Ather Dominic, Father Dominic; Why in fuch haft man? Dom. It fhou'd feem a brother of our Order.
Lor. No, Faith, I am onely your brother in Iniquity : my holinefs, like yours, is meer out-fide.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphofis! On what occafion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd fupiter into a Town-bull, has.transiorm'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from Elvira, in anfwer to that I fent by you.

Dom. You fee I have deliver'd my Meflage faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I underftand your Hint: the other Fifty pieces are. ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!
Lor. 'Tis a Habit that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Defign in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accomplifh it. The Husband is abfent; that evil Counfellour is remov'd; and the Sovereign is gracioufly difpos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good Counfel is but thrown away: upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son! ah -

Lor. How! Will you turn Recreant at the laft caft? You muit along to countenance my undertaking: We are at the door man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't; and I will not go.
Lor. You may ftay, Father; but no Fifty pounds without it: that-was onely promis'd in the Bond: but the Condition of this Obligation is fuch, That if the above-named Father, Father Domi; nic, do not well and faithfully perform

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the Reverence of my Prefence may be a curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your Myrmidon, and enter.
[Exeunt

## 30 <br> The Spuifo Eyyan; or,

Enter Elvira, in her Chamber.
Elvi. He'll come, that's certain: young Appetites are flarp; and feldom need twice bidding to fuch a banquet: —well; if I prove frail, as I hope I thall not, till 1 have compafsd my Defign; never Woman had fuch a Husband to provoke her, fuch a Lover to allure her, or fuch a Confeffor to abfolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Confcience, that's fafe enough; my Ghoftly Father has given it a Dofe of Church Opium, to lull it: well, for foothing Sin, I'll fay that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Chrittendom.

## Enter Lorenzo and Dominic.

O, Father Dominic, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lor. (lifting up his bood.) Ill thew you that immediately.

- Elvi. O, my Love!.

Lor. My Life!
Elvi. My Soul! (They embrace.)
Dom. I am taken on the fudden with grievous fwimming in my Head, and fuch a mift before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor fee. Elvi. Stay, and I'lf fetch you fome comfortable Water.
Dom. No, no ; nothing but the open Air will doe me good. I'll take a turn in your Garden : but remember that I truf you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [Exit Dominic.

Elvi. This is certainly the dut of Gold which you have thrown in the good man's cyes, that on the fudden he cannot fee: for my mind mifgives me, this Sicknefs of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Confcience Ill be fworn: you fee, Madam, 'tis Intereft governs all the World: he preaches againft Sin; why? becaufe he gets by't: he holds his tongue; why? becaufe fo much more is bidden for his filence.

Elvi. And fo much for the Fryar.
Lor. Oh, thofe Eyes of yours reproch me juflly: that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elvi. Do you conffder the hazard I have run to fee you here? if you do, methinks it fhos'd inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of confidering, let us confider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar lett ustogether to tell Beads?

## The Double Difcuvery.

Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his opportunities, he muft be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treafurer, for he bolts out on the fudden, and, if you take him not in the nick, he vanifhes in a twinkling.

Elvi. Why do you make fuch hafte to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for friking twelve im. mediately; but, after you are fatisfied, the very next that oollows is the folitary found of fingle one.

Lor. How, Madam! Do you invite me to a Feaft, and then preach Abftinence?

Elvi. No, I invite you to a Feant where, the Difhes are ferv'd up in order: you are for making a hafty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like an hungry Clown: truft my management, good Colonel; and call not for yourDeffert too foon: believe me, that which comes laft, as it is the fweeteft, fo it cloies the foonef.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this diffance, that there is fomewhat you expect from me: what am I to undertake or fuffer e'er I can be happy?

Elvi. I muft firf be fatisfied that you love me.
Lor. By all that's Holy: By thefe dear Eyes.
Elvi. Spare your Oaths and Proteflations; I know you Gallants of the time have a mint at your tongues end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me: but, By heavens, if you were in a condition

Elvi. Then you would not be fo prodigal of your Promifes, but: have the Fear of Matrimony before your eyes : in few words, if you love me, as you profefs, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddeft I ever undertook; have with you, Lady mine, I take you at your word; and, if you are for-a merry Janit, I'll try for once who can foot it farthelt: 'there are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I, with my Knapfack, and you, with your Bottle at your back: we'll leave Honoar to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop tegether into the next.

Elvi. Give me your Hand, and ftrike a Bargain.
[ He takes her Hand, and kiffes it.

Lor. In fign and token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and fo forth - when thould I be weary of Sealing upon this Softwax?

Elvi. O, Heavens! I hear my Husband's voice.

## Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman? there's fomething in the wind I'm fure, becaufe your Woman would have run up Stairs before me: but I have fecur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps now, in the Devil's name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like thefe frequent Conjunctions of the Flefh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elvi. Go hence, good Father ; my Husband you fee is in an ill humour; and I would not have you witnels of his folly.
[Lorenzo going.
Gomez, (running to the door,) By your Reverence's tavour, hold a little, I mult examin you fomething better before you go: Hi-day! who have we here? Father Dominic is fhrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the Belly: what are become of thofe two Timber-loggs that he us'd to wear for Leggs, that food itrutting like the two black Pofts before a door ? I am afraid fome bad body has been fetting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boild him down halt the quantity for a Receipt: this is no Father Dominic, no huge, over-grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive fucking Fryar: as fure as a Gun now, Father Dominic has been fpawning this young, flender Anti-chrift.

Elvi. (afide,) He will be found; there's no prevention.
Gomez, Why does he not fpeak? What! Is the Fryar poffefs'd with a dumb Devil? If he be, I fhall make bold to conjure him.

Elvi. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd Silence for a Penance.

Gomez, A Novice, quotha; You would make a Novice of me too, if you could : but, What was his bufineff here? Anfwer me that, Gentlewoman, anfwer me that.

Elvi. What fhou'd it be, but to give me fome Spiritual Inftructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a dumb Preacher; this will not pafs; I muft examin the Contents of him a little clofer; O thou Confeffor! confefs who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World:

## The Double Difcovery.

As I live, this is a manifeft member of the Church militant.
Lor. (. Afide.) I am difcoverd; now. Impudence be my Re-fuge-_Yes, Faith'tis I, honeft Gomez; thou feeft I ufe thee like a Friend ; this is a familiar Vifit.

Gom. What! Colonel Hernando turn'd a Fryar! who could have fufpected you for fo much Godlinefs?

Lor. E'en as thou feef, I make bold here.
Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Vilit, after fo friendly an Invitation as I made you; marry, I hope you will excufe the Blunderbuffes for not being in readinefs to falute you; but let me know your hour, and all thall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it ; I hate fuch ripping up of old unkindnefs; was upon the Frolick this evening, and came to vifit thee in Mafquerade.

Gom. Very likely ; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my Wife, or fo.

Lor: Right: Thou fpeakeft my very Soul.
Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then, to help you out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this Excufe - but, as I remember, you promis'd to ftorm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of Red Locufts upon me for Free quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are Black Locufts in the World as well as Red.

Elvi. (Afide.) When comes my fhare of the reekoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honefteft, kind man; I was refolv'd I wou'd not out of thy houfe till I had feen thee.

Gom. No, in my Confcience, if I had ftaid abroad till midnight. But, Colonel, you and I thall talk in another tone hereafter ; I mean, in cold friendfhip, at a Bar, before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant: your Excufes want fome grainsto make 'em currant : hum and ha will not do the bufinefs-there's a modeft Lady of your acquaintance, fhe has fo much Grace to make none at all, but filently to confefs the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to Youthfull Appetite.

Elvi: How he got in I know not, unlefs it were by virtue of his Habit.

Gom. Ai, ai, the Vertues of that Habit are known abundantly.
Elvi. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To refift him.
Elvi. I'm fure he has not been here above a quarter of ans hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have ferv'd the turn: O thou epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam Meffalina the Second retire to thy Appartment: I have an Affignation there to : make with thee.

## Elvi. I am all Obedience [Exit Elvira.

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I thought you: we may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons then by Lawyers-tongues; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your Wife, as you hope to dye a natural death, and go to Hell in your Bed: Bilbob is the word, remember that, and tremble-.... [He's going out.

## Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the name of Goodnefs? my mind mifgave me; and I durft truft you no longer with your felves; here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next Confeffion.

Lor. (Afde.) The Devil is punctual, I fee, he has paid me the fhame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part: $t 00$.

Dom. (Seeing Gom.) Blefs my Eyes! what do Ifee?
Gom. Why, you fee a Cuckold of this honet Gentleman's. making: I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confefs I am aftonifh'd!
Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your Head piece and his Limbs have done my bufinefs.-Nay, do not look fo ftrangely, remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next Confeffion: What naughty Couple were they whom you durlt not truft together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had trufted 'em a full quarter of an hour; and, by the way, horns will fprout in lefs time then Mufhrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accufe one of my Order upon light fufpicions: the naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animofities on both fides:

## The Double Difcovery.

now, that was the occafion, mark me Gomez, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to truft your enraged Spirits too long together: you might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confeffions.

Lor. (Afide.) Well faid, I faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy felf, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in fome other Foord, good Father, you fhall catch no Gudgeons here: look upon the Prifoner at the Bar Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, Gomez? I fee no man, but a Reverend Brother of our Order, whofe Profeffion I honour, but whofe perfon I know not, as I hope for Paradife.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pi-ty; you do not know him, under this Difguife, for the greateft Cuckold-maker in all Spain.

Dom. O Impudence! ORogue! OVilain! Nay, if he be fuch a man, my Righteous Spirit rites at him! Does he put on Holy Garments for a cover-fhame of Lewdnefs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father ; when a fwindging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it fo clofe as a Fryar's Hood: for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to doe a mifchief, and then fhrinks 'em back for fafety, like a Snail into her fhell.

Lor. (A/ide.) It's beft marching off while I can retreat with Honour ; there's no trufting this Fryar's Confcience ; he has renounc'd me already more heartily then e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to profecute me for putting on thefe Holy Robes: this is the old Church-trick, the Clergy is ever at the bottom of the Plot, but they are wife enough to llip their own Necks out of the Coller, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it-
[ Exit Lorenzo.
Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar ; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone fo eafily, if I durft have trufted you in the houfe behind me; gather up your gouty Legs, I fay, and rid my houfe of that huge Body of divinity.

Dom. I expect fome Judgment fhou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director:- Slander, Covetouf nefs, and Jealoufie, will weigh thee down.

## 36 The Spanish Fryar; or,

Goo. Put Pride, Hypocrifie, and Gluttony, into your Scale, Fathen, and you hall weigh againft me: nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine parts, and farce leaves the Laity a tyche.

Dom. How dareft thou reproch the Tribe of Levi?
Goo. Marry, because you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of Iffachar: you make Affes of us, to bear your burthens: when we are young, you put Paniers upon us, with your Church diffcipline; and, when we are grown up, you load us with a -Wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our Wives too; a fine phrafe you have among you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a man; jut as when a fellow has got a found Knock upon the head, they fay he's fettled : Marriage is a Settling blow indeed. They fay every thing in the World is good for fomething, as a Toad, to fuck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for till your Pimping fhow'd me.

Dom. Thou that anfwer for this, thou Slanderer, thy Offences be upon thy head.

Goo. I believe there are forme Offences there of your planting. [ Exit Dominic.
Lord, Lord, that men fhould have fenfe enough to ret Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol cats, and Foxes, and yet

Want wit a Prief-trap at their door to lay,
For holy Vermin that in houfes prey.
[ Exit Gomez.

$$
\begin{gathered}
\text { SC EN E, } \\
\text { Queen, TereSa. }
\end{gathered}
$$

Ter. You are not what you were fince yefterday:
Your food forfakes you and your needfull reft:
You pine, you languilh, love to be alone;
Think much, speak little; and, in f peaking, fight:
When you fee Torrifmond, you are unquiet;
But when you fee him not, you are in pain.
Queen, $\bigcirc$, let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They, brought a Paper to me to be fign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name;
And writ, for Leonora, Torrijmond.
I went to bed, and to my felf I thought,
That I wound think on Torrijmond no more:

## The Double Difcovery.

Then fhut my Eyes ; but cou'd not fhut out him.
I turn'd; and try'd each corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was lof.
Fev'rilh, for want of Reft, I rife, and walk'd;
And, by the Moon-fline, to the Windows went ;
Thére, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
I caft my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, e'er I was aware, figh'd to my telf,
There fought my Torrijmond.
Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Souldier flout;
And Bertran, though repining, will be aw'd:
Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath'em, while they flide:
Oh, how fhall I defrribe this growing ill!
Betwixt my Doubt-and Love, methinks, If fand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague fit ;
And yet, wou'd this were all!
Ter. What fear you more?
Qu. I am afham'd to fay, tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when Dreams, they fay, are true,
A drowzie flumber, rather then a fleep,
Seiz'd'on my Senfes, with long Watching worn.
Methought I food on a wide River's Bank ,
Which I muft needs oerpafs, but knew not how :
When, on a fudden Torrijmond appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er;
Leaping and bounding on the Billows heads,
Till fafely we had reach'd the farther fhore.
Ter. This Dream portends fome ill which you fhall fapee I bia
Wou'd you fee fairer Vifions? Take this nighe
Your Torrifmond within your Arms to fleep:
And, to that end, invent fome apt pretence
To break with Bertran : 'twould be better yet,
Cou'd you provoke fim to give you the becafion,
And then to throw hin of:
Enter Beitrán at a diflance.
Qu. My Stars have fent him:
For, fee, he comes: howgloomily he. looks!

# 38 <br> The Spailifh Fryar; or, 

If he, as I furpect, have found my Love,
His Jealoufie will furnifh him with Fury,
And me with means to part.
Bertr. (Afide.) Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her falle?
If fhe be falfe, tis what the mof defires.
My Genius whifpers me, Be cautious, Bertraw!
Thou walk't as on a narrow Mountain's neck,
A dreadfull height, with feanty room to tread.
Qu. What Busnefs have you at the Court, my Lord?
:Bert. What Bus'nefs, Madam.?
Qu. Yes, my Lord, What Bus'nefs?
'Tis fomewhat fure of weighty confequence
That brings you here fo otten, and unfent for.
Bert. (Afide.) 'Tis what I fear'd, her words are coid enough
To freeze a man to death.-May I prefume
To fpeak, and to complain?
Ou. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dare bellow, or, what Sheep dares bleat,
Within the Lion's den?
Bert. Yet men are fuffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Bleffings, for they then, are Debts.
Qu. My Lord, Heavin knows its own time when to give;
But you, it feems, charge me with Breach of Faith.
Bert. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when men in Sicknefs lingring lye,
They count the tedious hours.by months and years;
So every day deferr'd to Dying Lovers
Is a whole Age of pain.
Qu. What if I ne'er confent to make you mine?
My Father's Promife. ties me not to time;
And Bonds, without a Date, they fay, are void.
Bert. Far be it from me to believe you'bound:
Love is the freeft motion of our minds:
O, cou'd you fee into my fecret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled, Both as a Queen and Mifleefs: if you leave me,
Know I can dye, but dare not be difpleas'd,
Ou. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me caufe to think that when you loit
Three Battels to the Moors i you coldly food

## The Double Difcovery.

As unconcern'd as now.
Bert. I did my beft;
Fate was not in my power.
Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you faw,
A raw young Warrier take your bafled work
And end it at a blow.
Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they who blaft
Your good opinion of me, may have caufe.
To know I am no Coward.
[ He is going.
Qu. Bertran, ftay;
(Afide.) This may produce fome difmal confequence
To him whom dearer then my Life I love.
To him. Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?
Bert. Then was it but a Tryal?
Methinks Iftart as from fome dreadfull Dream; And often ask my felf, if yet I wake.
(Afide.) This turns too quick to be without Defign; I'll found the bottom of't e'er I believe.

Qu. I find your Love; and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears folicit my weak breaft:
I fear my People's Faith :
That hot mouth'd Beaft that bears againft the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawfull Kings;
But harder by Ufurpers:
Judge then, my Lord, with all thefe Cares oppreft,
If I can think of Love.
Bert. Believe me, Madam,
Thefe Jealoufies, how ever large they fpread;
Have but one Root, the old, imprifon'd King;
Whofe Lenity firft pleas'd the gaping Crowd:-
But when long tried, and found fupinely good,
Like $I E \int_{0} p^{\prime}$ L Logg, they leapt upon his Back:
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd'em ftrongly and he fpurr'd them hard;
And, but he durft not doe it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but fent him hence,
To hold a peacefull Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.

## Tbe Spanif Fryar; or,

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'a, Echoes the Sound and Jars within my Soul; There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off; and then -
Qu. My Vertue fllirinks from fuch an horrid Act.
Bert. This tis to have a Vertue out of feafon.
Mercy is good; a very good dull Vertue; But Kings miftake its timeing ; and are mild,
When manly Courage bids 'em be fevere :
Better be cruel once thien anxious ever:
Remove this threatning Danger from your Crown; And then fecurely take the man you love.

Qu. (walking afide.) Ha! let me think of that: the Man I love?
'Tis true, this Murther is the onely means
That can fecure my Throne to Torrijmond.
Nay more, this Execution done by Bertran,
Makes him the Objett of the People's Hate.
Bert. (Afide.) The more the thinks,'twill work the fronger in her.
Qu. (Afide.) How eloquent is Mirchief to perfuade!
Few are fo wicked as to take delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I :
If then I break divine and humane Laws,
No Bribe but Love coit'd gain fo bad a Caufe.
Bert. You anfwer nothing!
Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a Woman ignorant and weak:
1 leave it all to you, think what you doe,
You doe for him I live.
Bert. (Afide.) For him fhe loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be Torrij mond,
Whom the has thrice in private feen this day:
Then I am fairly caught in my own Snare. Ill think again Madam, it fhall be done; And mine be all the blame. [ Exit Berrr.
Qin. O, that it were! I wou'd not doe this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
The Priefthood grolly cheat us with Free-will :
Will to doe what, but what Heaven firlt decreed?

## The Double Difcovery.

Our Actions then are neither good nor ill, Since from eternal Caufes they proceed:
Our Paffions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer fenflefs Engines that are mov'd by Fate; Like Ships on ftormy Seas, without a Guide, Toft by the Winds, and driven by the Tyde.

Enter Torrifmond.
Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and prefs too often Into your prefence, Madam ? If I am

Qu. No more; left I fhou'd chide you for your flay : Where have you been? and, How cou'd you fuppofe That I cou'd live thefe two long. hours without you?

Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his orb! Welcome, as kindly Showers to long parch'd Earth! But I have been in fuch a difmal place Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers: Bound in with Darknefs, over-fpread with Damps: Where I have feen (if I cou'd fay, I faw) The good old King majeftick in his Bonds, And 'midft his Griefs moft venerably great: By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke The gloomy Vapors, he lay ftretch'd along Upon the unwholefom Earth; his Eyes fix'd upward: And ever and anon a filent Tear Stole down and trickl'd from his hoary Beard. 2u. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love, Here end thy fad difcourfe, and, for my fake, Cait off thefe fearfull melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight, As early Bloffoms are with Eaftern blafts: He fent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head, He threw his aged Arms about my Neck; And, feeing that I wept, he prefs'd me clofe : So, leaning Cheek to Cheek and Eyes to Eyes, We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.
Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to difclofe :

## $4^{2}$

The Spanifb Fryar; or,
He kifs'd me, blefs'd me, nay, he calld me Son; He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Succefs:
He was fo true a Father of his Countrey,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Becaufe they were his Subjects.
2u. If they be; then what am I?
Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven:
Qu. And not your Queen?
Tor. You are fo beautifull,
So wondrous fair, you juftifie Rebellion:
As if that faultele's Face could make no Sin, But Heaven, withlooking on it, murt forgive:
Qu. The King muft dye, he muft, my Torrijmond;
Though Pity fotily plead within my Soul,
Yet he muft dye, that I may make you great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.
Tor. Perifh that Crown - on any Head but yours; -
O, recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hour glafls, when his hafty Sand Is ebbing to the laft:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.
Qu. Let me but doe this one Injiffice more:
His Doom is patt; and, for your fake, he dyes.
Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done fo ill an Act,
And will not doe a good one?
Now, By your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O fpare this Great, this Good, this Aged King;
And fpare your Soul the Crime!
Qu. The Crime's not mine ;
'Twas firt propos'd, and muft be done, by Bertran, Fed with falle hopes to gain my Crown and Me: I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no leave; But barely bad him think, and then refolve.

For. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the laft dreadfull day; How will you tremble there to ftand exposd, And formoft in the rank of guilty Ghofts That muft be doom'd for Murther; think on Murther :

## The Double Difcovery.

That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;
The damn'd themfelves ftart wide, and fhun that Band,
As far more black and more forlorn then they.
Qu. 'Tis terrible, it fhakes, it flaggers me ;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future fate ;
And, when the moft obdurate fwear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts bely their boafting Tongues.

## Enter Terefa.

Send fpeedily to Bertran ; charge him ftrictly Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleafure.

Ter. Madam, he fends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.
[Exit Terefa.
Tor. Ten thoufand Plagues confume him, Furies drag him,
Fiends tear him ; Blafted be the Arm that ftrook,
The Tongue that order'd;-Onely She be fpar'd
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings ?
Why flept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance calld 'em here?
Ou. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and fince 'tis done, 'tis paft recall : And fince 'tis paft recall, muft be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never, fhall it be forgotten;
High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages Shall with a fearfull Curfe remember ours; And Bloud fhall never leave the Nation more!

Qu. His Body fhall be Royally interr'd,
And the laft Funeral Pomps adorn his Hearfe;
I will my felf (as I have Caufe too juft)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obfequies :
And yearly fix on the revolving day
The folemn marks of Mourning, to attone
And expiate my Offences.
Tor. Nothing can,
But Bloudy Vengeance on that Traitor's Head, Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:

## 44 <br> The Spanifl Fryar; or,

Love calls, my Torrifmond; though Hate has rag'd And rul'd the day, yet Love will rule the night.
The fpitefull Stars have fhed their Venom down,
And now the peacefull Planets take their turn.
This Deed of Bertran's has remov'd all Fears,
Apd giv'n me juft occafion to refufe him.
What hinders now, but that the holy Prieft
In fecret join our mutual Vows? and then
This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.
Tor. Be ftill my Sorrows; and, be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmoft Circles of the Sea
Thou furious Tempeft that halt toft my mind,
And leave no thought, but Leonora, there. -
What's this I feel aboding in my Soul?
As if this day were fatal; be it fo;
Fate flall but have the Leavings of my love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withall are great ;
The Lion, though he fee the Toils are fet,
Yet, pinclid with raging Hunger, fowrs away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the day;
At night, with fullen pleafure, grumbles oer his Pres.

[Exeunt ambo.

## The End of the Third Act.

## The Double Difcovery.

## A C T IV.

## SCENE, Before Gomez bis Door.

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, and two Souldiers at a diftance.

Dom. 1'LL not wag an ace farther: The whole World fhall not bribe me to it; for my Confcience will digeft thefe grofs Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Confcience not digeft 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in Spain can fhow a Confcience that comes near it for Digeftion : it digefted Pimping when I fent thee with my Letter: and it digefted Perjury when thou fwor'ft thou didf not know me: I'm fure it has digefted me Fifty pound of as hard Gold as is in all Barbary: Prithy, why fhouldit thou difcourage Fornication, when thou knoweft thou loveft a fweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em ; - phau; no, - $\int$ pits. I do not love a pretty Girl; -you are fo waggifh; -Jpits again.

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.
Dom. You take a mighty pleafure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reflefs up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your lurfe, and wearing out your Body with hunting alter unlawfull Game.

Lor. Why there's the Satisfaction on't.
Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging ; and there's the Satiffaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm refolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiours for what thou haft done, already.

Dom. I'm refolv'd to forfwear it if you doa: Let me advife you better, Colonel, then to accufe a Church-man to a Charchman : in the common Caufe we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. (Afide.) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.
Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, Ill peach firf, and feewhofe Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honefty, and bribe my Confcience: you fhall be fummon'd by an hoft of Paratours; you fliall be fentenc'd in the:Spi-

## 46 The Spanifo Fryar ; or,

 ritual Court; you fhall be excommunicated; you fhall be outlaw'd ;-- and$$
\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { Here Lorenzo takes a Purfe, and plaies, } \\
\text { with it, and, at laft, lets the Pure } \\
\text { fall chinking on the ground; which the } \\
\text { Fryar eyes. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

In another tone. I fay a man might doe this now, if he were malicioully difpos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity; but, confidering that you are my Friend, a Perfon of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wiou'd rather dye a thoufand deaths then difoblige you.

$$
\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { Lorenzo takes up the Purfe, and poures } \\
\text { it into the Fryar's Jleeve. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

Nay, Good Sir; nay, Dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I proiefs this muft not be: without this I wou'd have fervid you to the uttermoft; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd Rogue this Gomez is: I faw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, fhall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witnefs.

Lor. But how fhall I fend her word to be ready at the door, (for I muft reveal it in Confeffion to you,) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of thefe two Souldiers? I know Gomez fufpects you, and you will hardly gain admittance. .

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arn'd with the Authority of my cloathing; yonder I fee him keeping Centry at his door: have you never feen a Citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his fides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Pafs in fpight of his fufpicion; ftand you afide, and do but mark how I accof him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulfe, we muft throw off the Foxe's skin, and put on the Lion's, comc, Gentlemen, you'll fand by me. Souldier, Do not doubt us, Colonel.

$$
\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { They retire all three to a corner of the } \\
\text { Stage, Dominic goes to the door where } \\
\text { Gomez fonds. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

Dom. Good even Gomez, how does your Wife?
Gom. Juft as you wou'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and confpiring Cuckoldom againft me.

Dom. I dare fay you wrong her, fhe is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your Jealoufie. Gom. Yes,

## Tbe Double Discovery.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.
Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have fome Spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may fpare your Inftructions if you pleafe, Father, fhe has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you fpeak in Riddles?
Gom. Since you will have me fpeak plainer; the has profited fo well already by your Counfel, that the can fay her Leffon without your teaching: Do you underftand me now?

Dom. I muft not neglect my duty, for all that ; once again, Go$m e z$, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indifpos'd at prefent, and it will not beconvenient to difturb her.

$$
\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { Dominic offers to go by him, but tother } \\
\text { ftands before him. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

Dom. Indifpos'd, fay you? O, it is upon thofe occafions that a Confeffor is moft neceffary; I think it was my good Angel that fent me hither fo opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whofe good Angels fent you hither, that you beft know, Father.

Dom. A word or two of Devotion will do her no harm I'm. fure.

Gom: A little Sleep will doe her more good I'm fure : You know fhe disburthen'd her Confcience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if the be ill this afternoon, the may have new occafion to confefs.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the Colonel, fhe may have occafion of confeffing her felff every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has fhe been fick?
Gom. Lord, you will force a man to fpeak; why ever fince your laft Defeat.

Dom. This can be but fome light Indifpofition, it will not laft, and I may fee her.

Gom. How, not laft! I fay, It will latt, and it thall laft; fhe fhall be fick thefe feven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I fee occafion: what; I. know the mind of her-Sicknefs a little better then you doe.

Dom. I find then, I mirt bring a Doctor.
Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary with a chargeable long bill of Ana's: thofe of my Family have the Grace to dye cheaper:

## Tbe Spanif Fryar ; or,

in a word, Sir Dominic, we underftand one anothers bufinefs here: I am refolv'd to ftand like the Swi $\beta$ of my own Family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your Pater Nofters if you pleafe, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with Bell, Book, and Candle; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this manner.

Dom. I wou'd treat the Pope and all his Cardinals in the fame manner, if they offer'd to fee my Wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou doft not open, there's Promulgation coming out:

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that ; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and fo I leave you to recreate your felf with the end of an old Song - and Sorrow came to the old Fryar. [Exit Gomez.

## Lorenzo comes tóbim.

Lor. I will not ask you your Succefs; for I over-heard part of it, and faw the Conclufion; I find we are now put upon our laft Trump; the Fox is, earth'd, but I-fhall fend my two Terriers in after him.

Souldier, I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.
Lor. And make what hafte you can to bring out the Lady: what fay you, Father, Burglary is but a venial Sin among Souldiers.

Dom, I hall abfolve them, becaufe he is an enemy of the Church - there is a Proverb, I confefs, which faies, That Dead-men tell no Tales; but let your Souldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's Wife, and kill him too! the Wickednefs of this old Villain fartles me, and gives me a twinge for my own Sin; though it come far thort of his: hark you Souldiers, be fure you ufe as little Violence to him as is pofible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to fecure him, with lefs danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown confcientious!
Dom. The old King you know is juft murther'd, and the perfons that did it are unknown; let the Souldiers feize him for one of the Affafinates, and let me alone to accufe him afterwards.

## The Double Difcovery.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for fufpecting a Fryar of the leaft good-nature; what, wou'd you accule him wrong. fully?

Dom. I muft confefs, 'tis wrongfull quoad boc, as to the Fact it felf; but 'tis rightfull quoad bunc, as to this Heretical Rogue, whom we muft difpatch : he has rail'd againft the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the murther of a Thoufand Kings; Omne majus continet infe minus: He that is an Enemie to the Church, is an Enemie unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemic to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King, if he had leen in the Circumfances of doing it: fo it is not wrongfull to accufe him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-man, if he were perfonally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or crook into his Quarrel. Souldiers, Doe as you were firf order'd.
[ Exeunt Souldiers.
Dom. What was't you order'd 'em ? Are you fure it's fafe, and not fcandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Defign, but not altogether fo mifchievous; the People are infinitely difcontented, as they have reafon ; and Mutinies there are, or will be, againft the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he floould be fecur'd as a Traitor; but he fhall onely be Prifoner at the Souldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he fhall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then ? for when he is free he will infallibly accufe me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you muft have recourfe to your infallible Church remedies, Lie impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whofe Oath will be firft believ'd: Retire; I hear 'em coming. [They withdraw.

## Enter the Souldiers with Gomez frugling on their backs.

Gom. Help, good Chriftians, help Neighbours; my Houfe is broken open by force; and I am ravifh'd, and am like to be affafinated; what do you mean Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedler's Pack upon your backs? will you murther a man in plain day-light?

Firft Souldier, No: But we'll fecure you for a Traitor; and for being in a Plot againt the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durft be

# The Spaiifh Fryar; or, 

in a Plot: why, how can you in Confcience fufpect a rich Citizen of fo much wit as to make a Plotter? there are none but poor Rogues, and thofe that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Sculdier, Away with him, away with him.
Gom. O, my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As Hope to be fav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [They carry bim off, and exeunt.
Lor. Thus far have we faild with a mierry gale, and now we have the Cape of good Hope in fight; the Trade wind is our own if we can but double it.
[ He looks out.
(Afrde.) Ah, my Father and Pedroftand at the corner of the Street with company, there's no ftirring till they are paft!

## Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elvi. Am I come at laft into your Arms?
Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended; and the Knight may carry off the Lady fafely.

Elvi. I'm fo overjoy'd, I can fcarce believe I am at liberty; but ftand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain againft her Cage, and at laft dares hardly venture out though. the fees it open.

Dom. Lofe no time, but make hafte while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not fo free as you fuppofe; for there's an old Gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the paffage at the corner of the ftreet.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter ?fomewhat I hope that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's cye to Gold and Jewels.
Elvi. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and. provide better Entertainment for us then Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter; here's the very Heart and Soul, and Life Bloud of Gomez; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, andnew Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladys, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, Faith, we'll drink the Churche's Health out of them. But all this while I ftand on Thorns; prithe, Dear, look out, and

## The Double Difcovery.

fee if the coaft be free for our Efcape; for I dare not pecp for fear of being known.
\{Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes run$\{$ ning in upon ber: Jhe forieks out.
Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories - What do I fee! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. (Afide.) What a hopefull Enterprize is here fpoil'd?
Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Cheer up man; thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out juft now; and came running in full fpeed with the Wings of an Eagle and the Feet of a Tyger to thy refcue.

Gom. Ay, you are alwaies at hand to doe me a Courtefie with your Eagle's Feet, and your Tyger's Wings : and, What were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpofe my Spiritual Authority in your behalf.
Gom. And why did you thriek out, Gentlewoman?
Elvi. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.
Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what end and purpofe?

Elvi. Onely to preferve it from the Thieves.
Gom. And you came running out of doors-
Elvi. Onely to meet you, fweet Husband.
Gom. A fine Evidence fum'd up among you; thank you heartily ; you are ail my Friends: the Colonel was walking by accidentally, and, hearing my voice, came in to fave me; the Fryar, who was hobling the fame way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithfull Wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and fhrieks out for Joy at my return: but if my Father-in-law had not met your Souldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I fhou'd neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have flhriek'd out for joy my felf for the lofs of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?
Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I 1hall thank you within-doors for your fafe cuftody of my Jewels and your own.

> [He thrufts his Wife off the Stage.
> Exit Elvira.
$5^{2}$
The Spanib Fryar; or,
As for you, Colonel Huff cap, we flall trie before a Civil Magiftrate who's the greater Plotter of us two, I againft the State, or you againt the Petticoate.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you fhall for fome thing.
[ Beats him.
Gom. Murther! murther! I give up the Ghoft ! I am deftroy'd! help! murther! murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the neighbours are coming out with Forks and Fire-fhovels and Spits and other domefticis. Weapons; the Militia of a whole Alley is rais'd againft us.

Lor. This is but the Intereft of my Debt, Mafter Ufurer, the Principal fhall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Souldiers had but difpatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid a-fleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good counfel; ah- [Exeunt Lor. and Fryar Severally.

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's fuch a terrible Fellow that my mind mifgives me; I thall tremble when I have him before the Judge : all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd, and cackolded, and ravith'd, and beaten in one - quarter of an hour; my poor Limbs finaṛt, and my poor Head akes : ay, do, do, fmart Limb, ake Head, and fprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you muft needs be married, muft ye? there's for that, (beats his own Fread ) and to a fine, young, modifh Lady, muft ye? there's for that too; and, at threefoore, you old, doting Cuckhold, take that remembrance -- -a fine time of day for a man to be bound Prentice, when he is paft ufing of his'Trade; to fet up an equipage of Noife, when he has molt need of Quiet ; inftead of her being under Covert-baron, to te under Covert-feme my felf; to have my Body difabl'd, and my Head fortified; and, laftly, to be crowded into a narrow Box with a fhrill Trebble,

That with one Blaft through the whole Houfe does bound, And firf taught Speaking-trumpets how to found.
[Exit Gomez.

## SCENE, The Court.

Enter Raymond, Alphonfo, Pedro.
Raym. Are thefe, are thefe, -ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,

## The Double Discovery.

With which I flatter my long tedious absence, To find, at my return, my Matter murther'd? O, that I could but weep to vent my Paffion! But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tit obferv'd at Court Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours, To fee how you relent King Sancho's Death.

Rays. What generous man can live with that Conftraint Upon his Soul to bear, much left to flatter A Court like this! can I tooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd to fee my Royal Matter murther'd, His Crown ufurp'd, a Diftaff in the Throne,
A Council made of fuck as dare not freak, And could not if they durft; whence honer men Banifh themselves for shame of being there: A Government that, knowing not true wifedom, Is fcorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home ?

Alph. Virtue mut be thrown off, 'cis a coarfe garment, Too heavy for the fundhine of a Court.

Raym. Well then, I will diffemble for an end So great, fo pious, as a juft Revenge : You'll join with me.

Alphon. No honeft man but muff.
Pedro, What Title has this Queen but Lawless Force ? And Force muff pull her down.
Alphorn. Truth is, I pity Leonora's cafe;
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which mot her Soul abhors.
Raym. All the has done, or e'er can doe, of good, This one black Deed has damned.
Pedro, You'll hardly gain your Son to our Defign.
Raym. Your reafon fort.
Pedro, I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your tother Face; the Queen approches.

## Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

Raym. And that accurfed Bertram Stalks clofe behind her, like a Witche's Fiend, Preffing to be employ'd; ftand, and observe them.

Queen, to Bertran: Bury'd in private, and fo fuddenly!
It croffes my Defign, which was tallow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of mourning.
Bert. It was not face:
Objects of pity, when the caufe is new, Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd: Had Caesar's body never been expos'd, . Brutus had gain'd his Caufe.

- Queen, Then, was he lov'd?

Bertram, O, never man fo much, for Saintlike goodness. Pedro, (Afide.) Had bad men fear'd him but as good men He had not yet been fainted.

Queen, I wonder how the People bear his Death,
Bertr. Some difcontent there are; forme idle murmurs.
Pedro, How, Idle Murmurs! Let me plainly peak:
The doors are all shut up; the wealthier fort, With Arms a-crofs, and Hats upon their Eyes, Walk to and fro before their filent Shops:
Whole droves of Lenders crowd the Banquers doors,
To call in Money; thole who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for when they rife 'ti Plunder:
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And lifter with their Mouths;
Some tell ; forme hear, rome judge of News, rome make it ;
And he who lies mont loud, is molt believ'd.
Queen, This may be dangerous.
Raym. (Aide.) Pray Heaven it may.
Bertr. If one of you muff fall;
Self-prefervation is the frt of Laws:
And if, when. Subjects are opprefs'd by Kings,
They juftifie Rebellion by that Law,
As well may Monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when felf-defence requires it.
Queen, You place fuch Arbitrary Power in Kings,
That I much fear, if I should make you one, You'll make your felf a Tyrant; - let there know By what Authority you did this Act.

Bertran, You much furprize me to demand that Queftion:
But, fence Truth mut be told, ${ }^{\prime}$ Twas by your own.

Queen, Produce it; or, By Heaven, your Head fhall anfwer The Forfeit of your Tongue.

Raym. (Afide.) Brave mifchief towards.
Bertran, You bad me.
Queen, When, and where?
Bertr. No, I confefs, you bad me not in words; The Dial fpoke not, but it made fhrewd figns, And pointed full upon the ftroke of Murther:
Yet this you faid,
You were a woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.
Queen, What if I faid,
I was a woman ignorant and weak, Were you to take th' advantage of my Sex, And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd, You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toiles; And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd; Were you to make my Doubts your own Commiffion ?:

Bertr. This 'tis to ferve a Prince too faithfully; Who, free from Laws himfelf, will have that done, Which, not perform'd, brings us to fure Difgrace; And, if perform'd, to Ruin.

Queen, This'tis to counfel things that are unjuft:Firft, to debauch a King to break his Laws, (Which are his fafety,) and then feek Protection. From him you have endanger'd; but; Juft Heaven; When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil.
More deep than thofe he tempted.
Bert. If Princes not protect their Minifters,
What man will dare to ferve them ?
Queen , None will dare
To ferve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But when a Counfellor, to fave himfelf,
Would lay Mifcarriages upon his Prince,
Expofing him to publick Rage and Hate;
O, 'tis an Act as infamoufly bafe,
As fhould a common Souldier fculk behind,
And thruft his General in the Front of War:
It thews he onely ferv'd himfelf before,
And had no fenfe of Honour, Country, King;

But center'd on himfelf; and us'd his Mafter As Guardians do their. Wards, with fhows of care,
But with intent to fell the publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince.
Pedro, (Afide.) Well faid, ifaith;
This Speech is e'en too good for an Ufurper.
Bertr. I fee for whom I muft be facrificid;
And, had I not been fotted with my zeal,
I might have found it fooner.
Queen, From my fight!
The Prince who bears an Infolence like this
Is fuch an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,
Whofe Bolts the Boys may play with.
Bertran, Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor fingle. [ Exit Bertran cum fuis.
Queen to Raymond, who kiffes her band.
Qu. Welcome, welcome:
I faw you not before: one Honeft Lord
Is hid with eafe among a Crowd of Courtiers:
How can I be too gratefull to the Father
Of fuch a Son as Torrifmond?
Raym. His Actions were but Duty.
Queen, Yct, My Lord,
All have not paid that Debt like noble Torrifmond;
You hear how Bertran brands me with a Crime,
Of which, your Son can witnefs, I am free;
I fent to ftop the Murther, but too late;
For Crimes are fwift, but Penitence is flow;
The bloudy Bertran, diligent in ill,-
Flew to prevent the foft returns of Pity.
Raym. O curfed Hafte of making fure a $\operatorname{Sin}$ !
Can you forgive the Traytor?
Queen, Never, never :
'Tis written here in Characters fo deep
That feven years hence, ('till then fhould Inot meet him,)
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the Holy Altar to the Block.
Raym. (Afide.) She's fir'd, as I would wifh her; aid me Juftice,

## Tbe Double Difcovery.

As all my ends are thine, to gain this Point; And ruin both at once:- It wounds indeed,
To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to punifh ; yet one way
There is to ruin Bertran.
Queen, O, there's none;
Except an Hoft from Heaven can make fuch hafte
To fave my Crown as he will doe to feize it:
You faw he came furrounded with his Friends,
And knew befides our Army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for fudden ufe.
Raym. Yet you may give Commiffion
To fome Bold man whofe Loyalty you truft, And let him raife the Train-bands of the City.

Queen, Grofs feeders, Lion talkers, Lamb-like fighters.
Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City, What pufling force they have; fome popular Chief, More noifie than the reft, butcries Halloo, And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out; The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd, And One and All's the Word; true Cocks of th'Game, That never ask for what, or whom, they fight ; But turn 'em out, and fhew 'em but a Foe, Cry Liberty, and that's a Caufe of Quarrel.

Queen, There may be Danger, in that boift'rous Rout:
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But fome new Blaft of wind may turn thofe Flames
Againft my Pallace Walls.
Raym. But fill their Chief Muft be fome one whofe Loyalty you truft.

Queen, And who more proper for that Truft then you, Whofe Interefts, though unknown to you, are mine ? Alphonfo, Pedro, hafte to raife the Rabble,' He fhall appear to head 'em.

Raymon, (Afide to Alphonfo and Pedro,) Firlt feize Bertran, And then infinnate to them that I bring
Their lawtull Prince to place upon the Throne.
Alphon. Our lawfull rrince.
Ruym. Fear not, I can produce him.
Fedruto-Alph. Now we want your Son Lorenzo: what a migh.
ty Faciton

Would he make for us of the City Wives, With, ô, dear Husband, my fweet honey Husband,
Won't you be for the Colonel ? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel; ô he's the fineft man!
[ Exeunt Alphonfo, Pedro.
Raym. (Afide.) So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot; She thinks fhe's in the depth of my Defign, And that it's all for her, but time fhall dhow,
She onely lives to help me ruin others,
And laft, to fall her felf.
Queen, Now to you Raymond: Can you guefs no reafon
Why I repofe fuch Confidence in you?
You needs muft think
There's fome more powerfull Caufe then Loyalty:
Will you not fpeak to fave a Lady's Blufh ?
Muft I inform you 'tis for Torri/mond,
That all this Grace is fhown ?
(fear'd.
Raym. (Afide.) By all the Powers, worfe, worfe, then what I
Queen, And yet, what need I blufh at fuch a Choice?
I love a man, whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives
What Gratitude would force; $\hat{o}$, pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before:
Yet think fo vaft a Treafure as your Son, Too great for any private man's poffeffion; And him too rich a Jewel to be fet
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar ufe.
Raym. Arm me with Patience Heaven.
Queen, How, Patience, Raymond!
What exercife of Patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd ?
Or in my Perfon loath'd ? Have I, a Queen,
Paft by my Fellow-rulers of the World,
Whofe vying Crowns lay, glittering in my way,
As if the World were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their Bloud, to mix with yours,
And raife new Kings from fo obfcure a race,
Fate fcarce knew where to find them when I call'd ?
Have I heapid on my Perfon, Crown and State, To load the Scale, and weigh'd my felf with Earth,

## The Double Difcovery.

For you to fpurn the Balance?
Raym. Bate the laft; and 'tis what I would fay;
Can I, can any Loyal Subject fee
With Patience fuch a foop from Sovereignty,
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook ?
My Zeal for you muft lay the Father by,
And plead my Countrie's Caufe againt my Son.
What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant;
He wants a Crown to poife againtt a Crown, Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.

Queen, All thefe I have, and thele I can beftow;
But he brings Worth and Vertue to my Bed;
And Vertue is the Wealth which Tyrants want:
I ftand in need of one whofe Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame,
Difpell the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Difarm the Juttice of the Powers above.
Raym. The People never will endure this choice.
Queen, If I endure it what imports it you?
Goe raife the Minifters of my Revenge,
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempeft round,
And fee its Fury fall where I defign;
At laft a time for juft Revenge is given;
Revenge the darling attribute of Heaven:
But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong ;
Great in forgiving, and in fuffering brave;
To be a Saint he makes himfelf a Slave.
[Exit Queen.
Raymond, (Solus,) Marriage with Torrifmond! it muft not be;
By Heaven, it muft not be; or, if it be;
Law, Juftice, Honour bid farwell to Earth ;
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.
Enter Torrifmond, who kneels to kim.
Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now ! you come in fuch a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a care
To fwell my Tide of Joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to defire.
Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,

## Tbe Spanifb Fryar; or,

At leaft, to fave your Fortune and your Honour: Take heed you fteer your Veffel right, my Son, This Calm of Heaven, this Mermayd's melody, Into an unfeen whirl pool draws you faft, And in a moment finks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot:
And Fate can fearce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh fecurely at the lazy form
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, Sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddefs,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.
Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagin;
Stay, I command you flay, and hear me firt,
This hour's the very Crifis of your Fate,
Your Good or III, your Infamy or Fame;
And all the colour of your Life depends
On thís important Now.
Tor. I fee no danger;
The City, Army, Court efpoufe my Caufe; And, more then all, the Queen with publick favour Indulges my Pretenfions to her Love.

Raym. Nay, if poffeffing her can make you happy;
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Defign.
Tor. If fhe can make me bleft? the onely can :
Empire, and Wealth, and all fle brings befide,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The fweeteft, kindeft, trueft of her Sex,
In wwhofe Poffeffion years roule round on years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kiffes, Embraces, Languilhing and Death,
Still from each other, to cach other move
To crown the various feafons of our Love:
And doubt you if fuch Love can make me happy?
Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.
Tor. And what can flock my Honour in a Rieen ?
Raym. A Tyrant, an Ufurper?
Tor. Grant the be.
When from the Conquerour we hold our Lives,
We yield our felves liis Sabjects from that hour:

## Tbe Double Difcovery.

For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.
Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Becaufe he took it not by lawlefs Force?
What if he did not all the. Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd, by that, taffir his Rapines, And to maintain his Murthers ?

Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd ; Kings Titles commonly begin by Force, Which Time wears of and mellows into Right: So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripn'd in the next to true Succeffion: She's in Poffefiion.

Raym. So Difeares are:
Shou'd not a lingring Fevor be remov'd;
Becaure it long has rag'd within my Bloud?
Do I rebell when I wou'd thruft it out?
What, fhall I think the World was made for One,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beafts for Men ;
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark thofe who dote on Arbitrary Power,
And you fhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, fervil in their greathefs,
And Slaves to fome, to lord it oer the reff:
O bafenefs, to fupport a Tyrant Throne,
And crufh your Free-born-brethren of the World!
Nay, to become a part of Ufurpation;
To efpoufe the Tyrants Perfon and her Crimes,
And, on a Tyrant, get a Race of Tyrants
To be your Country's Curfe in after Ages.
Tor. I fee no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cainnot cure,
And but difturb the Quiet of my Death.
Raym. O, Vertue! Vertue!" what art thou become?
That men fhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman
Made from the drofs and refuife of a Mant;
Heaven took him fleeping when he made her too;
Had man been waking he had ne'er confented.

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Now Son fuppofe
Some brave Confpiracy were ready form'd
To punifh Tyrants and redeem the Land,
Con'd you fo far bely your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party?
Tor. How cou'd my Hand rebell againft my Heart ?
Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebell againft your Reafon?
Tor. No Honour bids me fight againft my felf;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And fhe who reigns beftows her Crown on me:
So muft I be ungratefull to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead;
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.
Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?
For know there yet furvives the lawfull Heir
Of Sancho's bloud, whom when I fhall produce,
I reft affur'd to fee you pale with Fear
And Trembling at his Name.
Tor. He mult be more then Man who makes me tremble :
I dare him to the Field with all the ods
Of Juftice on his fide, againft my Tyrant:
Produce your lawfull Prince, and you fhall fee
How brave a Rebell Love has made your Son.
Raym. Read that : 'Tis with the-Royal Signet fign'd,
And given me by the King when time flou'd ferve
To be perus'd by you.

## Torrifmond reads.

## I the King.

My youngeft and alone furviving Son
Reported dead t'efcape rebellious rage
Till happier times fhall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrifmond
If I am he, that Son, that Torrifmond,
The World contains not fo forlorn a Wretch!

## The Double Difcovery.

Let never man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune moft fecure,
One fatal moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Juftice cuts upon the Knot,
And fevers 'em for ever.
Raym. True; iț mult.
Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it muft !
If you have any Pity in your Breaft,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my firft Obfcurity :
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my felf,
O, yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father ftill.
Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain,
Now, in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you
( Since I muft ufe Authority no more)
On thefe old Knees I beg you, e'er I dye,
That I may fee your Father's Death reveng'd.
Tor. Why, 'tis the onely bus'nefs of my Life;
My Order's iffued to recall the Army,
And Bertran's Death refolv'd.
Raym. And not the Queen's; ô She's the chief Offender!
Shall Juftice turn her Edge within your Hand ?
No, if the fcape, you are your felf the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.
Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you referv'd me!
Raym. Why that Sigh ?
Tor. Since you muft know, but break, ô break my Heart,
Before I tell my Fatal Story out,
Th' Ufurper of my Throne, my Houfe's Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!
Raym. O, Horrour! Horrour! after this Alliance,
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolfs with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man defigns when Heaven oppofes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Ufurper,

## 64 The Spanifb Fryar; or,

Indeed to fave a Crown, not her's, but yours, All to make fure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which even this Day has ruin'd - one more queftion
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the Caure of all your Woes,
Or, is fie grown (as fure fhe ought to be)
More odious to your fight than Toads and Adders?
Tor. O, there's the utmon Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!
Raym. No more:-Farwell my much lamented King.
(Afide, ) I dare not truf him with himfelf fo far
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finith'd my Defigns
On Bertran and the Quren, but in Delpight
Ev'n of himfelf I'll fave him.
[Exit Raymond.
Tor. 'Tis but a moment fince I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
Am lov'd, poffefs; yet all there make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleffings for a Curfe.
With what a load of Vengeance am T preft,
Yet never, never, can I hope for Reft;
For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and crufhes her I love.

[ Exit Torrifmond.

## The End of the Fourth Aat.

## The Double Difcovery.

## A C T V. SCENE, A Bed-chamber.

 Enter Torrifmond.Tor. TOve, Juftice, Nature, Pity and Revenge Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breaft, And I am all a Civil-war within!

> Enter Queen and Terefa at a diftance.

My Leonora there!
Mine? Is fhe mine? My Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could with Honour love her more,
Or hate her lefs with Reafon! See, fhe weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or falfe, and knows not why I thus eftrange my Perfon from her Bed:
Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart: She'll know too foon her own and my Misfortunes. [ Exit. `Queen, He's gon, and I am loft ; Didft thou not fee His fullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd: He look'd not like the Torrifmond I lov'd.

Ter. Can you not guefs from whence this Change proceeds? Queen, No: there's the Grief, Terefa: Oh, Terefa!
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within, But Shame and Modefty have ty'd my Tongue! Yet, I will tell; that thou maieft weep with me. How dear, how fweet his firt Embraces were! With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine! And fuckt my Breath at every word I fpoke, As if he drew his Infpiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths, As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet: I thought: Oh no; 'Tis falfe: I could not think;
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.
Ter. Then fure his Tranfports were not lefs than yours.
Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers light I cou'd difcern his Cheeks were glowing red,

His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love, And fparkl'd through their Cafements humid Fires : He figh'd and kifs'd, breath'd fhort, and wou'd have fpoke, But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he cou'd fay was Love, and Leonora.
Ter. How then can you fufpect him loft fo foon ?
Qu. Laft night he flew not with a Bridegroom's hafte, Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour; I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wanting Light, And liftned to each foftly treading ftep, In hope 'twas he: but ftill it was not he.
At latt he came, but with fuch alter'd Looks, So wild, fo ghaftly, as if fome Ghoft had met him; All pale, and fpeechlefs, he furvey'd me round; Then, with a Groan, he threw himfelf a-bed, But far from me, as far as he cou'd move, And figh'd, and tofs'd, and turn'd, but fill from me.

Ter. What, all the night ?
Queen, Even all the live-long night:
At laft: (for, blufhing, I muft tell thee all,) I prefs'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side, He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burft into a floud of Tears,
And ask'd him how 1 had offended him?
He anfwerd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans, So reftlefs paft the night : and at the Dawn Leapt from the Bed, and vanifh'd.

Ter. Sighs and Groans,
Palenefs and Trembling, all are figns of Love; He onely fears to make you fhare his Sorrows.

Queen, I wifh 'twere fo: but Love fill doubts the wortt;
My heavy Heart, the Prophetefs of Woes,
Foreboads fome ill at hand: To footh my fadnefs
Sing me the Song which poor Olympia made When falfe Bireno left her.

## The Double Discovery.

## A SONG. <br> I.

Fardel ungrateful Traytor,
Farwell my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleafure of Pollefing Surpaffes all Exprefing, But 'is too fort a Blefing, And Love too long a Pair.

## II.

'This eafie to deceive us In pity offour Pain,
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have defcry'd it
There is no Blijs befide it,
But She that once has try'd it
Will never love again.
III.

The Paflion you pretended
Was onely to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we meafure
Till we have loft our Treafure,
But Dying is a Pleafure,
When Living is a Pain.

## Reenter Torrifmond.

Tor. Still the is here, and fill I cannot freak;
But wander like forme difcontend Ghoft
That oft appears, but is forbid to talke.
Queen, О, Torrifmond, if you refolve my Death,
You need no more but to go hence again;
Will you not fpeak?
Tor. I cannot.
Qu. Speak! oh, freak!

Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.
Tor. Oh!
Queen, Do not figh, or tell me why you figh ?
Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?
Qu. Why do I live, to hear you fpeak that word ?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Vertue.
Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.
Queen, (kneeling) You fhall not goe:
By all the Pleafures of our Nuptial-bed,
It ever I was lov'd, though now I 'm not,
By thefe true Tears, which. from my wounded Heart Bleed at my Eyes.

Tor. Rife.
Queen, I will never rife,
I cannot chufe a better place to dye.
Tor. Oh! I wou'd fpeak, but cannot.
Queen, (rifing) Guilt keeps you filent then; you love me not:
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To fee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No fooner gain'd, but flighted and betray'd:
And like a Rofe juf gather'd from the Stalk,
But onely fmelt, and cheaply thrown afide.
To wither on the ground.
Tere. For Heaven's fake, Madam, moderate your Paffion.
Queen, Why nam'ft thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for me,
Defpair, Death, Hell, have feiz'd my torturd Soul:
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from ground, To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to Me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the firtt;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathfome: Oh! what Woman can bear Loathfome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the clofer: but ungratefull Man,
Bafe, barbarous Man, the more we raife our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
Racks, Poifon, Daggers, rid me but of Life; ;
And any Death is welcome.
Tor. Be witnefs all ye Powers that know my Heart,
I) would have kept the fatal Secret hid,

## The Double Discovery.

But the has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquered:
Here, take this Paper, reade our Deftinies;
Yet do not ; but in kindness to your fell,
Be ignorantly fafe.
Qu. No ! give it me,
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.
Tor. Then fee how much unhappy Love has made us.
O Leonora! Oh!
We two were born when fullen Planets reign'd ;
When each the others Influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us
That we had never feen, or never loved.
Queen, There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heaven fays fo,
You dare not give it.
Tor. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out Opium to a Friend Who lay in Torture, and defir'd to dye.
[Gives the Paper.
But now you have it, fare my fight the pain
Of feeding what a world of Tears it cont you:
Go filently enjoy your part of Grief,
And share the fad Inheritance, with me.
Queen, I have a thirty Fevor in my Soul,
Give me but present Eafe, and let me dye. Exit Qu and Tref.

## Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City. Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confused;
All cluftring in a heap, like farming Hives,
And riffing in a moment.
Tor. With defign to punifh Bertran, and revenge the King;
'Twas order'd fo.
Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tins true, they block the Caftle kept by Bertram,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it;
Pull out th' ufurping Queen.
Tor. The Queen, Lorenzo ! dart they name the Queen?
Jor. If railing and reproching be to name her.
Tor. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming Rout?

But both our Fathers thruft 'em headlong on, And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and Hell!
Somewhat muft be refolv'd, and fpeedily, How fayft thou, my Lorenzo? darft thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me fave the Queen ?
Lor. (Afide.) Let me confider;
Bear Arms againft my Father? he begat me;
That's true ; but for whofe fake did he beget me?
For his own fure enough : for me he knew not.
Oh! but fays Confcience : Fly in Nature's Face?
But how if Nature fly in my Face firf?
Then Nature's the Aggreffor: Let her look to't
-He gave me Life, and he may take it back:
No, that's Boys play, fay I.-
'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different fides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treafon.
(To Tor.) Sir, upon mature confideration, I have found my Father
To be little better than a Rebel, and therefore I'll doe
My beft to fecure him for your fake; in hope you may
Secure him hereafter for my fake.
Tor. Put on thy utmoft fpeed to head the Troops
Which every moment I expect t'arrive :
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawfull King:
I need not caution thee for Raymond's Life,
Though I no more muft call him Father now.
Lor. (Afide.) How! not call him Father?
I fee Preferment alters a man ftrangely,
This may ferve me for a Ufe of Inftruction,
To caft off my Father when I am great.
Methought too he call'd himfelf the lawfull King;
Intimating fweetly that he knows what's what
With our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my
Father, as I hope in Heaven I fhall, I am in a fair
Way to be a Prince of the Bloud: Farwell General; (Tawny. I'll bring up thofe that fhall try what mettle there is in Orange-

Tor. (at the door.) Haft there, command the Guards be all drawn

## The Double Difcovery.

Before the Palace gate.——By Heaven, I'll face This Tempeft, and deferve the Name of King.
O, Leonora, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven fo match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look't on me;
Then all the Bleft will begg that thou may'ft live, And even my Father's Ghoft his Death forgive.
[Exit Tor.

## SCENE The Palace-yard.

## Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonfo, Pedro, and their Party.
Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come
To fhow your Courage and your Loyalty:
You have a Prince of Sancho's Royal Bloud,
The Darling of the Heavens and Joy of Earth;
When he's produc'd, as foon he fhall, among you ;
Speak, what will you adventure to re-feat him
Upon his Father's Throne?
Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.
Raym. What then remains to perfect our Succefs,
But o'er the Tyrants Guards to force our way?
Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

## Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.

Enter. Torrifmond and his Party: as they are going to fight, be Speaks.
Tor. to his, Hold, hold your Arms. Raym. to bis, Retire.
Alph. What means this Paufe?
Ped. Peace: Nature works within them. [Tor. © Ray.go apart.
Tor. How comesit, good old Man, that we two meet
On thefe harfh terms! thou very reverend Rebel?
Thou venerable Traitor, in whofe Face
And hoary Hairs Treafon is fanctified;
And Sin's black dy feems blanch'd by Age to Vertue.
Raym. What Treafon is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Tor. That's a fale Cheat,
The primitive Rebel, Lucifer, firft us'd it,
And was the firt Reformer of the Skyes.
Raym. What if I fee my Prince miftake a Poifon,
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traitor,
Becaufe I hold his Hand or break the Glafs?
Tor. How darft thou ferve thy King againft his Will?
Raym. Becaufe 'tis then the onely time to ferve him.
Tor. I take the blame of all upon my felf,
Difcharge thy weight on me.
Raym. O, never, never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship tof in a Tempent
Without the Pilot's Care.
Tor. 1 'll punifh thee,
By Heaven, I will, as I wou'd punifh Rebels,
Thou Atubborn loyal Man.
Raym. Firft let me fee
Her punifht who mifleads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I fhall dye well pleas'd.
Tor. Proclaim my Title,
To fave the effufion of my Subjects Bloud, and thou fhalt ftill Be as my Fofter-father near my Breaft,
And next my Leonora.
Raym. That word fabs me.
You fhall be fill plain Torrifmond with me,
Th' Abetter, Partner, ( if you like that name, )
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
Till you deferve that Title by your Juftice.
Tor. Then, farwell Pity, I will be obey'd.
(To the People.) Hear, you miftaken Men, whofe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treafon: See your Prince,
In me behold your murther'd Sancho's Son;
Difmifs your Arms ; and I forgive your Crimes.
Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are loofe
As heaps of Sand, and fcattering, wide from fenfe.
You fee he knows not me, his natural Father;
But aiming to poffefs the ufurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his Aiery hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,

## The Double Difcovery.

And turns his Brains to Frenzy.
Tor. Hear me yet, I am-
Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But fpare his Perfon for his Father's fake.
Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that fhall cure him.
There's no Surgeon in all Arragon has fo much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-vein.
Tor. My Right for me.
Raym. Our Liberty for us.
Omn. Liberty, Liberty, [As they are ready to fight.

## Enter Lorenzo and his Party.

Lor. On forfeit of your Lives lay down your Arms.
Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?
Lor. Take your Rebel back again Father mine.
The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerours.
I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens;
I have routed your Herd; I have difperf them;
And now they are retreated quietly,
From their extraordinary Vocation of Fighting in
The Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of Cozening
In their Shops.
Tor. to Raym. You fee'tis vain contending with the Truth, Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your own;
But by a fatal fondnefs you betray
Your Fame and Glory to th' Ufurper's Bed:
Enjoy the Fruits of Bloud and Parricide,
Take your own Crown from Leonora's Gift,
And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Arms.

## Enter Queen and Têrefa: Women.

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.
Raym. Behold the Bafilisk of Torrifmond,
That kills him with her eyes, I will fpeak on,
My Life is of no further ufe to me:
I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:

- Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. (Afide.) My Heart finks in me while I hear him fpeak, And every flackn'd fiber drops its hold,

## Tbe Spanifh Fryar; or,

Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life : So much the Name of Father aws me ftill. Send off the Crowd:

Lor. to Alph. Now,Sir, who proves the Traitor? My Confcience
Is true to me, it alwaies whifpers right when
I have my Regiment to back it.
[Exeunt omnes preter Tor. Ray. Leon.
Tor. O Leonora! what can Love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmoft:
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at laft that Tyrant, Juftice! Oh
Queen, 'Tis paft, 'tis paft: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made m'a Mifer's feaft of Happinefs,
And cou'd not furnith out another meal.
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men;
By all my Foes at once; I fwear, my Torrifmond,
That to have had you mine for one flort day
Has cancell'd half my mighty fum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.
Tor. I cannot hate you.
Raym. Can you not? fay that once more ;
That all the Saints may witnefs it againft you.
Qusen, Cruel Raymond!
Can he not punifh me but he muft hate?
O!'tis not Juftice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th' Offender's perfon with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To lofe a Crown and Lover in a day :
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour ftrikes.
Raym. Then, then you fhould have thought of Tears and Pity, When Vertue, Majefty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for Sancho's Life.
ou. My future days flall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged men-
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heaven,
To pardon Suncho's Death.
Tor. See, Raymond, fee: fhe makes a large amends :

## The Double Difcovery.

Sancho is dead : no punifhment of her
Can raife his cold ftiff limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his bleffed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Reft,
To fee with Joy her Miferies on Earth.
Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But man, who knows not Hearts, fhould make Examples;
Which like a Warning-piece muft be fhot off,
To fright the reft from Crimes.
Queen, Had I but known that Sancho was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Bloud
To fave one Drop of his.
Tor. Mark that, Inexorable Raymond mark !
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his. Death.
Raym. What if ghe did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the Beft of men,
Heaven's Image double ftampt, as Man and King.
Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can fay,
But yet--.
Raym. But yet you barbaroufly murther'd him.
Queen, He will not hear meout!
Tor. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill manner'd Zeal.
Raym. Sing to him Syren;
For I fhall ftop my Ears : now mince the Sin,
And mollifie Damnation with a Phrafe :
Say you confented not to Sancho's Death,
But barely not forbad it.
Qu. Hard hearted Man, I yield my guilty caufe,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I for Jealoufie of Empire fought
Good Sancho's Death, Sancho had dy'd before.
'Twas alwaies in my Power to aake his Life:
But Intereft never could my Confcience blind
Till Love had caft a mift before my Eyes;
And made me think his Death the onely means
Which could fecure my Throne to Torrifmond.
Tor. Never was fatal Mifchief meant to kind,
For all fhe gave, has taken all away.

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## The Spanifh Fryar; or,

Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reftor'd?
'Tis to be worfe depos'd than Sanclio was.
Raym. Heaven has reftor'd you, you depofe your felf:
Oh! when young Kings begin with fcorn of Juftice,
They make an Omen to their after Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremoft page.
Tor. No more; left you be made the firft Example,
To thow how I can punifh.
Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice , And after make me her's.

Tor. Condemn a Wife!
That were to attone for Parricide with Murther!
Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll bea content With that poor fcanty, Juftice: Let her part.

Tor. Divorce! that's worfe than Death, 'tis Death of Love.
Queen, The Soul and Body part not with fuch Pain
As I from you: but yet'tis juft, my Lord:
I am th' Accurft of Heaven, the Hate of Earth, Your Subjects Deteftation, and your Ruin: And therefore fix this doom upon my felf.

Tor. Heav'n! Can you wifh it? to be mine no more!
Queen, Yes, I can wifh it as the deareft Proof
And laft that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you bleft I would be more accurft
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave fhuts up the mournfull Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long: And hoard up every moment of my life, To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears, Till ev'n fierce Raymond, at the laft, fhall fay, Now let her dye, for the has griev'd enough.

Tor. Hear this, hear this thou Tribune of the People: Thou zealous, publick Bloud hound hear, and melt.

Raym. (Afide.) I could cry now, my Eyes grow womanifh, But yet my Heart holds out.

Queen, Some folitary Cloifter will I chufe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Courfe my Attire, and fhort fhall be my Sleep, Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:

## The Double Discovery.

Now, Raymond, now be fatisfied at lat. Fating and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer Shall doe dead Sancho Juftice every hour.

Raym. (Aide.) By your leave, Manhood! [Wipes his Eyes.
Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquifh'd.
Raym. No! 'Tis a fall rheum that fcalds my Eyes.
Qu. If he were vanquifh'd, I am fill unconquer'd, Ill leave you in the height of all my Love, Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its way, And ftruggles to you mont.
Farwell, a aft Farwell! My dear, dear Lord
Remember me; freak, Raymond, will you let him?
Shall he remember Leonora's Love,
And fled a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?
Raym. (Almost crying.) Yes, yes, he flail, pray goo.
Tor. Now, By my Soul, the hall not goe: why, Raymond,
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life;
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and life 'em all.

> [ Exit Tor. with the Queen

Raym. No matter yet, he has my Hook within him,
Now let him frisk and flownce and run and rowle,
And think to break his hold. He toils in vain:
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd fo greedily,
Will make him fick, and then I have him fare.
Enter Alphonfo, and Pedro.
Alph. Brother, there's News from Bertram; he defies:
Admittance to the King, and cryes aloud, This day fall end our Fears of Civil War: For his fafe Conduct he entreats your Prefence, And begs you would be fpeedy.

Raym. Though I loath
The Traitor's fight, I'll go : Attend us here. [Exit Ray.

> Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, with Officers, to make the Stage as full as poffible.

Pedro. Why, how now Gomez: what make than whole Brother-hood of City Bailifs? why, thou \&

## 78 <br> The Spanif Fryar ; or,

in Paradife, with his guard of Beafts about him.
Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don Pedro : for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Prieft, that's Eve and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Church men.
Gom. Indeed you are a charitable Belfwagger: my Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-buckets, and call'd for Engines to play againft it.

Alph. I am forry you are come hither to accufe your Wife, her Education has been vertuous, her Nature mild and eafie.

Gom. Yes! Mhe's eafie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her fo.

Alph. She came a fpotlefs Virgin to your Bed.
Gom. And fhe's a fpotlefs Virgin ftill for me-flie's never the worfe for my wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threefcore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am

Elvi. Indeed, Sir, I have no reafon to complain of him for difturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your felf; the Church did not marry you for that.

Pedro, Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.
Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.
Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me fpeak firf. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edifie by minutes.
Gom. Where you make Doctrins for the People, and Ufes and Applications for your felves.

Pedro, Gomez, give way to the old Gentleman in black.
Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black thall take me if I do ! ${ }^{\circ}$ I will fpeak firf! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your Verbum Sacerdotis, I'll fpeak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you ufe to doe. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he fhall lye and forfwear himfelf with any Fryar in all Spain: that's a bold word now -

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone: I fhall fetch him back with a Circumbendibus I warrant him.

Alph. Well, What have you to fay againft your Wife, Gomez'?
Gom. Why, I fay, in the firft place, that I and all men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgement; that a Batch-

## The Double Discovery.

elour-cobler is a happier man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all vifited with a Houfhold Plague, and, Lord have mercy upon us flould be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage which is one of the feven bleffed Sacraments.

Goo. 'Ti liker one of the fever deadly Sins: but make your belt on't, I care not: 'is but binding a man Neck and Heels for all that! But as for my Wife, that Crocodile of Nilus, lie has wickedly and traiteroufly confpir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and, with the help of the aforefaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and, with the Limbs of one Colonel Fernando, Cuckold-maker of this City, devilifhly contriv'd to feal herfelf away, and under her Arm felonioufly to bear one Casket of Biamons, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Piftols. Guilty, or Not guilty ; how faieft thou Culprit?

Dom. Falfe and fandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath pointblank againft every particular of this Charge.

Eli. And fo will I.
Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my felf, according to my ufual cuftom, I heard a foul Outcry before Gomez his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making dolefull Lamentations: Thereupon, making what hafte my Limbs would fuffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I flaw him Spurning and Fifting her mort unmercifully; whereupon, ufing Chriftian Arguments with him to defift, he fell volently upon me, without refpect to my Sacerdotal Orders, pufht: me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, juft as a Man would fet up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Deme, quoth he. And fill continued Labouring me, till a good minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven fall fave me, I had never feen before.

## Goo. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never feed him. Well, this Noble Colonel, like a true Gentle-. man, was for taking the weaker part you may be fure-whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being ftrong in him, and gave him Baftinado on Baftinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being proftrate, fuffered with a mot Chriftian Patience.

Goo. Who? he meek ? I'm fire I quake at the very thought of

## 80 <br> The Spanift Fryar; or,

him ; why, he's as fierce as Riodomont, he made Aflaute and Battery upon my Perfon, beat me into all the colours of the Rainbow. And every word this abominable Prieft has utter'd is as talfe as the Alcoran. But if you want a thorough pac'd Lyar that will fwear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

> Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the Company, and fands at bis Fatber's back wnfeen, over again/t 'Gomez.

Lor. (Afde.) How now! What's here to doe? my Caufe a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourfcore take him for an old bawdy Magiftrate, that ftands like the Picture of Madam Juftice, with a pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.
Alph. Well - but all this while, who is this Colonel Hernando?
Gom. He's the Firft-begotten of Beelzebub, with a Face as terrible as Demogorgon.

$$
\left\{\begin{array}{l}
\text { Lorenzo peeps up over Alph. bead, } \\
\text { and ftares at Gomez. }
\end{array}\right.
$$

No! I lye, I lye:
Hes a very proper, handfom fellow! well proportion'd, and clean flap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.
Ped. What, backward and forward Gomez? doft thou hunt counter ?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Defign upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you fhall have Juftice.

Gom. (Arde.) Now I dare fpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I fay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a leud Defign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honefty.
[ Lor. lifts up his Fift clench'd at him.
I confefs my Wife was as willing- as himfelf; and, I believe, twas fhe corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modeft perfon.

Elvi. You fee, sir, he contradiets himfelf at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boidly man! and fay what thou wilt itand by : did he ftrike thee?

Gom. I will fpeak boldly: He ftruck me on the Face before my own threfhold, that the very walls cry'd fhame on him.
[Lor. bolds up again.

## The Double Difcovery.

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out in fight of him.
Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitched him.
Alph. For my part, I fee no wrong that has been offer him.
Goo. How ? no wrong? why, he ravih'd me with the help of two Souldiers, carried me away vi $\mathcal{E}$ armis, and would have put me into a Plot againft the Government. [Lor.holds up again.

I confers, I never could endure the Government, becaufe it was Tyrannical : but my Sides and Shoulders are Black and Blew, as I can Atrip, and thew the Marks of 'em.
[Dor. again.
But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yefterday upon the Pebbles.

Dom. Frefh Straw, and a dark Chamber : a molt manifest Judgmont, there never comes better of railing againft the Church.

Goo. Why, what will you have me fay? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it out for fear of this bloudy mindod Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel ?
Goo. Why, my Colonel : I mean, my Wife's Colonel that appears there to me like my malus genius, and terrifies me.

Alph. (Turning.) Now you are mad indeed, Gomez; this is my Son Lorenzo.

Gom. How! your Son Lorenzo! it is impoffible.
Alph. As true as your Wife Elvira is my Daughter.
Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a Sifter?
Goo. No, you have taken forme about me : I amfure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can thew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to Lor. You know I put your Sifter into a Nunnery, with a frit Command, not to fee you, for fear you fhould have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention ; and confequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elvis. You fee, Brother, I had a natural affection to you.
Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I loft! Now, Pox upon me, for being fo near akin to thee.

Elvi. However, we are both beholding to Fryar Dominic, the Church is an indulgent Mother, the never fails to doe her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

## 82 <br> The Spanifh Fryar ; or,

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; thofe fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I fhall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred Piftols, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Confcience, that I may not be acceffary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alphon. I have no fecular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I fhall do't by Proxy, Fryar, your Bifhop's my Friend, and is too honeft to let fuch as you infect a Cloitter.

Gom. Ay, doe Father-in-law, let him be ftript of his Habit, and diforder'd - I would fain fee him walk in Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Fur upon his Back, that the World may once behold the infide of a Fryar.

Dom. Farwell, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Bleffing before I go

May your Sifters, Wives, and Daughters, be fo naturally lewd, that they may have no occafion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for'em.
[Exit, with a Rabble pufhing bim.

## Enter Torrifmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Terefa, Eor.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a golden Trumpet found, King Sancho lives! and let the echoing skies From Pole to Pole refound, King Sancho lives.
O Bertran, ô! no more my Foe, but, Brother:
One act like this blots out 2 thoufand Crimes.
Bertr. Bad men, when 'tis their Intereft, may doe good:
I muft confefs, I counfel'd Sanclo's Murther; And urg'd the Queen by fpecious Arguments: Dut ftill, fufpecting that her Love was chang'd, I fpread abroad the Rumour of his Death, To found the very Soul of her Defigns: Th' Event you know was anfwering to my Fears : She threw the Odium of the Fact on me, And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to fave the Innocent.
Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgivenels.
For. Not onely that, but Fü:our: Sancha's Life,

## The Double Difcovery.

Whether by Vertue or Defign preferv'd,
Claims all within my power.
Queen, My Prayers are heard;
And $I$ have nothing farther to defire, But Sancho's leave to authorize our Marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him ! Pity and he are one;
So mercifull a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and eafie to forgive:
But let the bold Confpirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care. [Exeunt omnes.

## FINIS.

Lately printed.
Lucius Funius Brutus, Father of his Country; A Tragedy acted at the Duke's Theatre: Written by Mr. Lee.

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Both fold by F. Tonfor.

# EPILOGUE, By a Friend of the Author's. 

THere's none I'am fure, who is a Friend to Love, But will our Fryar's Character approve:
The ableft Spark among you fometimes needs Such pious help for, charitable. Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Romeobjects) doos want
Thefe Ghoflly Comforts for the falling Saint:
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reafon of the Growoth of Popery.
So Mahomet's Religion came in fafhiow,
By the large leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't woll,
There is no Dizes in the Roman Hell.
Gold opens the ftrait gate, and lets bim is;
But want of money is a mortal fin.
For all befides you may difcount to Heaven,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.
How are men cozen'd ftill with fhows of good!
The Baud's beft Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-man difpleafes,
Than Doctors can be thought to bate Difeafes:
${ }^{'}$ 'Tis by your living ill that they live mell,
By your Debauches their fat Paunches Jwell.
'T is a mock-war between the Prieft and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As fome who did French Counfels moft advance,
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bamo,
That with more eafe they may engrofs them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.
A Church-man's godlinefs is almaies gain.
Hence to their Prince they will Superiour be;
And civil Treafon grows Cburch-Loyalty:
They boaft the gift of Heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the fick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor bave they lefs Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern climes, And learn from Sweden to prevent fuch crimes.
Unman the Fryar, And leave the boly Drone
To bum in bis forfaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when bis fing is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters foon mill leave the Cells,
When they have loft the found of Aaron's Bells.




